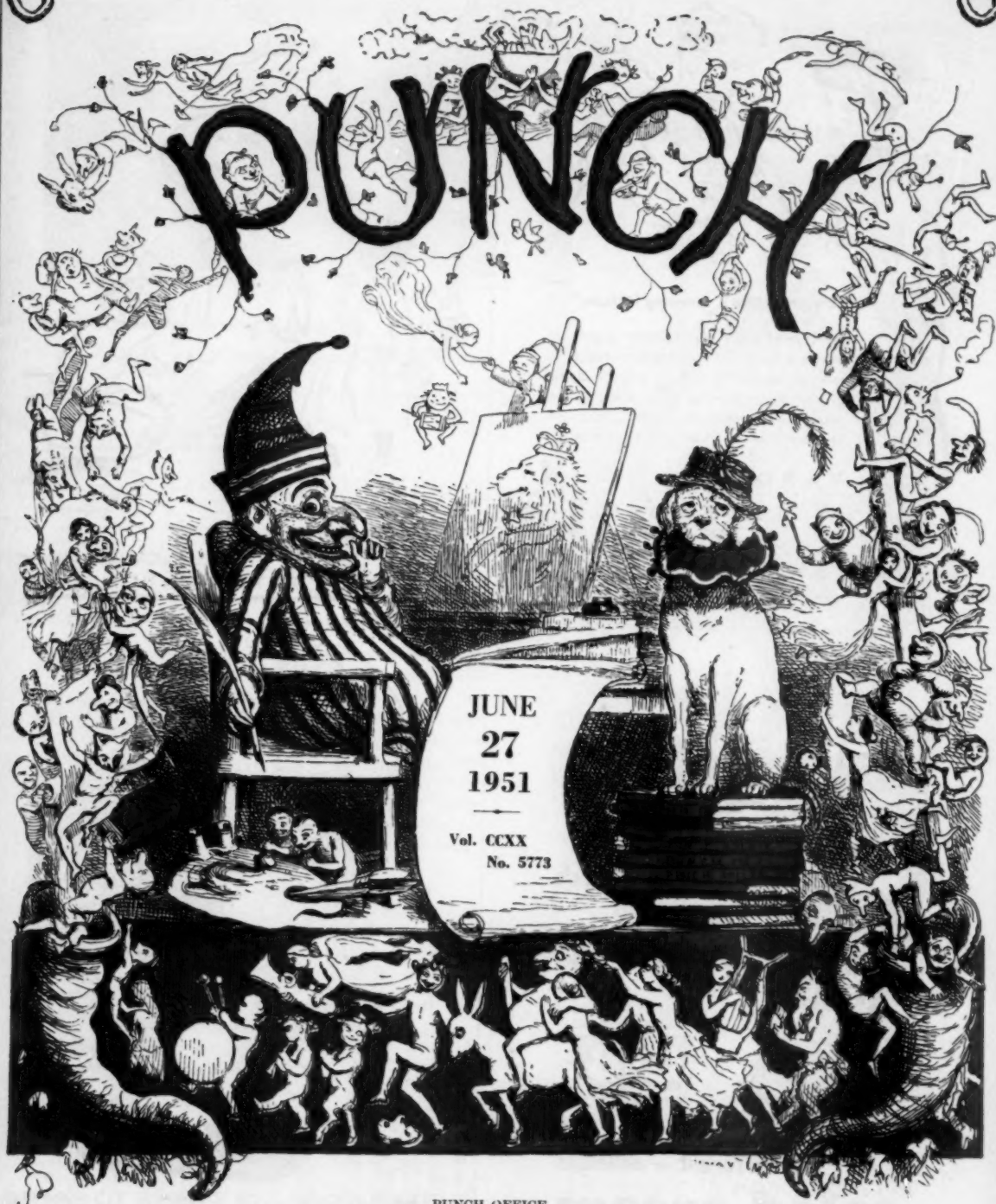


6^D

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27 1951

6^D

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



'You smell like a morning in June'

The girl who uses Yardley Lavender is always as fresh as a flower. That light subtle scent is like youth and vitality distilled. It tells the story of personal daintiness — that quality which, as clever women realise, men love best of all... 9/6 to 36/8. Lavender Soap 1/7. Prices include purchase tax.

**YARDLEY
LAVENDER**



33 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON



M & D = Meredith & Drew
THE MARK OF DISTINCTION IN BISCUITS

CVS 46




**Enrich your
Salads with**



the different — delicious
salad cream



There's many a garage with tales to relate,

You just ought to hear them unfold 'em.

Like the one about Tom who was late for his date—

He'd forgotten to order an OLDHAM.



The Battery with POWER TO SPARE

OLDHAM & SON LTD · DENTON · MANCHESTER · ESTABLISHED 1865

FOR COUNTRY AND TOWN BUILDINGS



Ryders Wall, Nr. Lanes. Architect: F. W. DAY, A.R.I.B.A., Lewes

Lovely, lasting, decorative finish preserves walls at low cost

Many houses and estate buildings are crying out for surface repair; further delay may mean serious harm.

Silexine Stone Paint provides a finish beautiful to look at, with remarkable lasting qualities. It is easy to apply and gives real protection against damp. Can be applied direct to most surfaces including new or old cement, concrete, brick, asbestos, etc. Also suitable for interior work. Silexine Stone Paint has stood the test of time (and is regularly used by Public Authorities, and specified by leading Architects throughout the country). Supplied in twelve attractive colours.

Send a postcard and we will forward full details and B.R.S. Report on damp resisting qualities.

SILEXINE STONE PAINT

Made by the Manufacturers
of Silexine Plastic Emulsion
Coating—S.P.E.C.

SILEXINE PAINTS LTD., 93 GOLDHAWK ROAD, LONDON, W.12

I THINK that a threat to a man's comfort brings out the worst of his character. Take my case. If a friend drops in and I feel in hospital

bound to offer him my Parker-Knoll, I begin to harbour the most awful thoughts about him. I must exorcise this Mr. Hyde part of me. I'll get another Parker-Knoll; I hear there are many more about.



To get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

PARKER-KNOLL

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED · TEMPLE END · HIGH WYCOMBE · DUCKS

CVS-35

Give your home the Blessings of Soft Water



You can banish forever the curse of hard water by installing a Permutit Water Softener in your home. This beautifully designed, modern appliance will bring you gloriously soft water for every toilet and domestic use.

- Soft water for bath, shampoo and shave. Kinder to complexion, hair and hands.
- No hard water scum-line on bath, basin and sink.
- Brighter and whiter clothes washes without scrubbing and rubbing. Improved washing machine results. Clothes last longer.
- Crockery, glass and silver washed to gleaming brightness without wiping or polishing.
- Saves pounds a year on soap, soda and detergents.
- Kettle, boilers, pipes and radiators scale-free. Saves fuel and avoids costly plumbing repairs and replacements.

All models are available on very advantageous easy payments if desired. Please ask for full details.

PERMUTIT Domestic Water Softeners

THE PERMUTIT CO. LTD., Dept. Y.V., 151 Regent Street,
London, W.1. Telephone REGent 2978



Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

DUFRAIS
Special VINEGARS

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 27 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.8



for better bottling
-faster

Bottle your fruit with an 'Ekcomatic' Pressure Cooker. 3-way control ensures correct pressure for bottling every variety of fruit—and vegetables, as well as pressure cooking all types of food. It is a big time saver; for example—4 minutes to bottle plums; 20 minutes to pressure cook a casserole of chicken. Two models—for any kind of stove. **Ekcomatic 'Hi-Dome'** (illus.) with unique deep cover and **Ekcomatic '65'**. From stores and ironmongers.



It's easy—it's quick—it's

Ekcomatic

and—it's made by 'Prestige'

A STACK OF COMFORT

Here's a comfortable chair—with or without arms. Deep in the seat and nicely shaped to comfort bony bodies. The chairs and armchairs with resilient all-steel seats are completely free of Purchase Tax; and even the upholstered ones are tax-free if we supply them in permanently clamped rows—which is, of course, just what you would want for a Concert Hall or Assembly Room. So you see, you can save tax and buy extra comfort at the same time!

The chairs come in any one of 16 two-colour schemes chosen by you to match your Concert or Dance Hall, Restaurant or Shop. They are of tubular steel to hold the biggest, bounciest people. Their rubber soled feet are silent. And they stack straight upright, 30 high in safety, 300 on the floor space of ten. Write direct for leaflet F/2.



sebel

STAK-A-BYE STEEL CHAIRS
WITH OR WITHOUT UPHOLSTERY

There are also Stak-a-Bye and Fold-a-Bye Steel Tables as well as Sebel Industrial Chairs. Write to us for leaflets.

Made by the makers of Mobin Toys.

SEBEL PRODUCTS LTD., 39-41, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
TELEPHONE: TEMPLE BAR 0786-7-8-9. TELEGRAMS: SEBEL, WESCENT, LONDON

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70 Years of Service
for Children



Please Help
THE

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

1881

THEN KNOWN AS
WAIFS &
STRAYS
SOCIETY

**NOT STATE SUPPORTED
5,000 IN OUR CARE**

**GIFTS and LEGACIES
GRATEFULLY RECEIVED**

1951

NOW CALLED
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY, OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

Take it from me ... Maxwell House gives
more coffee-drinking
pleasure!



Even the tin says "fres-s-sh!" Hear that "fres-s-sh" when you pierce the air-tight top of a Maxwell House Coffee tin ... it's telling you that the coffee inside is as fres-s-h as freshly-roasted coffee can be. No wonder the fragrance is so full, so appetizing ... no wonder Maxwell House is so delicious.



Just try this **EXTRA-flavour!** Drink a big cup of Maxwell House Coffee and savour the *extra*-flavour.

It's born in the blending of many perfectly roasted, 100% pure coffees ... and it makes Maxwell House the most satisfying, heart-warming coffee you've ever tasted. Just try it!

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"



Another fine product of ALFRED BIRD & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 12



At the start we had a plan for this advertisement. "Headlines", said someone, "let's use quotations from literature — about babies you know. Very appropriate". We thought it a good idea — until we tried to find the quotations. Then someone said, "At first the infant..." "Too obvious", we objected — but, after all, what we want to say is obvious. Namely, that a baby is not a calf food, but a food specially made for him — or her. At Trufood we know this and we make a food for babies. Cow's milk is our raw material only. Our finished product is not simply a dried cow's milk, it is a special food specifically adapted to the nutritional needs of the bottle-fed baby. And if there had been Trufood in Shakespeare's day, there wouldn't have been so much mewling and puking.

TFW 18-19

"Nell Gwynn"
Marmalade
Famous for fine Quality

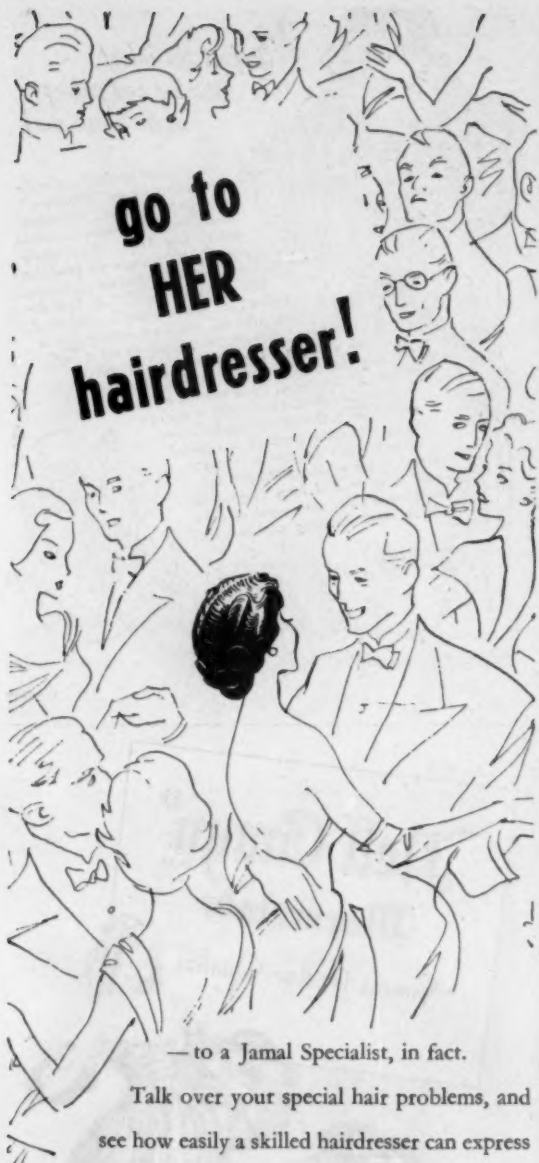


If any difficulty in obtaining supplies write to:

CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD CO LTD

FACTORIES: GUILDFORD, WIMBORNE, LONDON, NEWCASTLE, BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, INVERNESS, LEITH, LONDON, NEWCASTLE, BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, INVERNESS, LEITH.

go to
HER
hairdresser!



—to a Jamal Specialist, in fact.

Talk over your special hair problems, and
see how easily a skilled hairdresser can express

your personality in the

beauty of

Jamal
THE FREEDOM WAVE

MACHINELESS.....KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR



lovely hair needs Salon care

G & G



FROM HER SET OF Revelation Matched Luggage she chooses what she needs for every journey. Each piece is beautifully made, richly finished in elegant blue-grey, wine-striped fabric, and reinforced at the edges with special 'Rev-tex' welting for a longer, better-looking life.

REVELATION SUITCASE

Contracted it's right for a weekend. Expanded it holds enough for a month. The model illustrated costs £14.10s.0d. Other models from £6.2s.6d.

'REV-ROBE' WARDROBE CASE

Holds up to 12 dresses on hangers with tray-lid for shoes, lingerie, etc. As illustrated £19.17s.6d. Other models from £9.17s.6d. Also for men: to take 3 suits with room for shoes, shirts, etc. from £9.17s.6d.

REVELATION TRAVEL CASE

Handbag-sized, holds all journey necessities — cosmetics, toilet things, passport and papers. The model illustrated costs £10.13s.6d.



In addition to the cases shown, the Revelation Matched Set includes: Soft-top overnight case and hat bag; hat-and-shoe box, shoe case, trunks, etc.

AT YOUR STORE OR LUGGAGE SHOP

Luggage by
REVELATION

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.



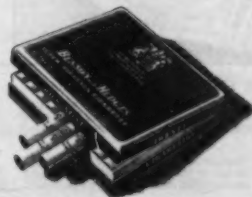
"You asked for Benson and Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

There are certain pleasurable occasions—out of the ordinary, and above the everyday—which deserve and command tributes only of the best; it is for these that **BENSON and HEDGES** have thoughtfully provided their Super Virginia cigarettes.



BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do



BENSON & HEDGES LTD • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W. 1

NEW 1951



NO OTHER DESIGN IS LIKE IT—

IT MUST BE —

IT IS —

a "GLOSDURA" *Shirt*

GLOUCESTER SHIRT CO. LTD. GLOUCESTER ENG

The watch that *wasn't* meant for lazy people

YOU DON'T have to wind a Rolex Perpetual; the natural movement of your wrist keeps it going. But wait! There's more in that than meets the eye. The Perpetual wasn't perfected just to save you the trouble of winding your watch up. In their ceaseless search for greater and greater accuracy, the Rolex scientists found that a self-winding watch is far more accurate than an ordinary watch

because the tension on the mainspring is much more even, much more constant.

Combine this *even* tension with the exquisite care that goes into the making of all Rolex watches; consider that the delicate Rolex movement is perfectly protected by that amazing Oyster case; and then ask yourself if there's any watch that could serve you half so well or half so surely.



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual. Worn for 6 hours daily, it will never need winding. The exquisite Rolex accuracy, heightened by the even tension of the self-winding Rotor, protected by the perfectly waterproof Oyster case, gives you a watch you'll be proud to own, proud to wear.



ROLEX

The World's first
waterproof and self-winding
watch

TO OUR FRIENDS FROM OVERSEAS

The Rolex International Repair Department is at your service. Write, call, or 'phone, from anywhere in the world, to 1, Green Street, Mayfair.



Your Jeweller can show you Tudor watches. Backed by the House of Rolex, Tudor is a distinguished member of the Rolex family.

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. Wilsdorf, Governing Director)
1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1



It's the wise man who knows that if you take care of your shoes your clothes will take care of themselves.

LOTUS shoes are made for such, having an eye to the fine points of appearance. Their leather, their lines, their workmanship and multiple measurements provide each with the perfect fit.

LOTUS SHOES

FOR ALL MEN AND MOST OCCASIONS

MADE BY LOTUS
43/44 NEW BOND ST. W.1

COPE'S "WHY THEY WON" Series



No. 3 Palestine

(Grey, 1947) Fair Trial—Una. The Aga Khan's Palestine was only defeated once in 7 races as a 2-year-old and won 5 out of 6 races as a 3-year-old, including the 1950 2,000 Guineas. His total winnings for the two seasons were £38,216.

Palestine combined the phenomenal speed of a champion sprinter with the ability to stay a mile in first-class company. Speed he inherited from his sire, stamina from the bottom line of his pedigree. A compact, well-balanced, neatly made horse, Palestine's great propelling power stemmed from his straight hind legs, strong second thighs and long quarters. His lightness of build helped him to last out a mile.

Judge a horse on points and a bookmaker by reputation. For 54 years the name "Cope" has stood for integrity, dependability and personal service. Send for illustrated brochure today.

DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS
LONDON E.C.4

You can depend on **COPE'S**

"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

I'M RAISING STEAM THE CAPTAIN SAID




WE'RE SAFE WITH TUBES BY TALBOT STEAD

*Captains of ships know that boiler tubes made by Talbot Stead are as dependable as man can make them.

Captains of industry, too, turn to Talbot Stead for the reliability and strength that come through using tubes.

TALBOT STEAD TUBE CO. LTD. • GREEN LANE • WALSALL

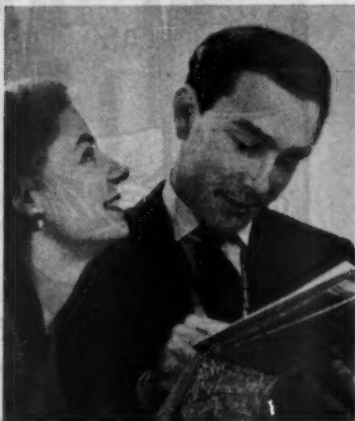
A  COMPANY

www.tsb



oh-oh
Dry Scalp!

YES, DRY SCALP'S HIS TROUBLE. Anyone can see that! Dry, lifeless, untidy hair. That "never-saw-a-comb" look. Flakes of dandruff in the parting and on his shoulder. It's about time someone told him about 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic!



THAT'S BETTER—his hair looks well-groomed all day now. It's amazing how much better your hair looks, astonishing how much better your scalp feels when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. The daily 20-second massage works wonders — and you only need to use a few drops, for a little of this pure hair tonic and dressing goes a long way.



Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING
THAT ENDS
DRY SCALP

2740-11

* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

If you want to feel heroic . . .



Why go on drinking any old bottle of beer when so many of your friends and countrymen have gone over to Double Diamond? Why let them get away with the swag? It's time you asserted yourself—and Double Diamond will help you to do it.



**A DOUBLE DIAMOND
works wonders**



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON

He felt "finished" at forty



Really, John, you're too bad. Night after night, I go to the trouble of cooking you a proper meal and . . .

I know, I know . . . I don't eat it. Well, I'm sorry, dear, I don't feel like eating—that's all there is to it. I'm too tired. I'm getting old.

Oh, nonsense, you're only just forty. And anyway, if you're tired you need food.

Well, let's not argue about it. I'm too tired for arguing, too.



. . . simply exasperates me, Mrs. Canning. He says he's too tired to eat when he gets home.

But, poor man, I expect he is. Life is a ghastly strain for men of his position. Just think of the worries he must have at the office—not to mention the work. Worries and tiredness have a direct effect on the digestion, you know;

Well, but he still needs food.

Of course he does, but not a substantial meal the second he comes into the house. Now, what I'd suggest is a routine our doctor recommended for my husband. Persuade John to rest,

relax completely, for about half-an-hour before his dinner each evening, and while he's resting, give him half a bottle of Brand's Essence.

Why, what's so wonderful about Brand's Essence?

Well, what our doctor said was this: When a person—even a healthy person—gets very tired, his whole body slows up. Digestion juices, too. He doesn't feel hungry. He can't digest properly. He eats less and less and so gets overtired because he's undernourished. It's a vicious circle. But Brand's gives appetite again . . . That's why doctors recommend it for invalids.



FOUR DAYS LATER

What a day! This rush hour journey! Got any Brand's for me, dear?

Of course. I am glad you like it, John. I'd never have believed it would make such a difference to you so soon. Here you are!

Ah-h-h! What good stuff this is! I feel better for it already. What's for dinner? I must say, I do really look forward to my meals now!

. . . so now, although he's quite back to his old youthful form, I still give him Brand's Essence whenever he's extra tired or strained — and often take it myself, too. It's a meat protein with a delicious flavour. It doesn't contain fats, so there's no trouble about digesting it.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Essence of Chicken 4/3 Essence of Beef 3/3



Dividends from Reduced Overheads



The cheerful atmosphere in many a Board Room can be attributed to the considerable financial benefit derived from Remington Rand Mechanised Accounting.

Control and direction are greatly facilitated because Directors can get vital and accurate information at a glance. Clerical and Office expenses are reduced because multiple tasks are combined in a single operation; much detailed checking is eliminated and balancing is a simple matter; peak periods are smoothed out and overtime obviated.

It costs nothing to investigate the possibilities. Remington Rand maintain a staff of specially

trained accountants, fully qualified to offer competent technical advice. They will gladly discuss accounting problems and draw up schemes to meet individual requirements. Surveys and advice are without obligation.

Write REMINGTON RAND LIMITED, Accounting Machine Division (AM.59), 1-19 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, or phone CHAncery 8888.



Remington Rand

ACCOUNTING MACHINES

Pay Big Dividends

NOW AVAILABLE IN 3 POPULAR VARIETIES



Choose the Cyder that best suits your palate and pocket from these famous GAYMER varieties in flagon-size bottles. OLDE ENGLISH Extra Quality, GAYFLAG Sweet and GAYSEC Dry.

Ask also for
CYDETTE
A sparkling non-alcoholic
Apple Beverage.

GAYMER'S FLAGON CYDERS

Wm. GAYMER & SON LTD., ATTLEBOROUGH & LONDON

quelle belle chemise!



The Customs man has a jaundiced eye. His stubby fingers prod deep into your suitcase, digging like fat moles for forbidden treasures. What's this? So beautiful, so smart, continental shirt eh! Continental your foot! That's an Old England shirt such as only Old England craftsmen could fashion.* Oh! A thousand pardons, monsieur. Pases, but vite! Whew! Thank goodness for the distraction.



that's
a nice
shirt

Old England

* From the better men's shops

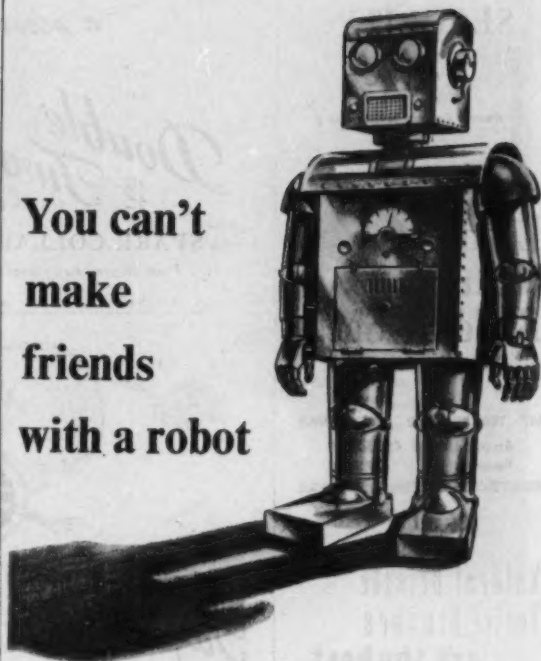
HOGG & MITCHELL LTD · MANCHESTER · LONDON · LONDONDERAY

CR09

Player's
"No Name"
Tobacco.

Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.

**You can't
make
friends
with a robot**



SCIENTISTS have invented highly ingenious *Mechanical men* which can work out sums, cross a floor without bumping into furniture and answer questions almost as knowledgeably as Professor Brogan. Nevertheless, most of us would rather have real human beings as companions in our daily lives.

It's rather the same with wood. Wood has a *feel* and a character all its own. No matter how it is sawn, carved & planed, it remains somehow *alive*. You can *make friends* with it.

Naturally, architects specify wood for its traditional purposes wherever they can. The difficulty, these days, is in knowing what timbers are available and in what quantity. A card to the Timber Development Association will bring you details of many excellent woods which have recently come into the market.

There's nothing like



ISSUED BY THE TIMBER DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION · 21 COLLEGE HILL
LONDON · EC4 and at Leeds, Leicester, Manchester, Bristol & Glasgow

INVESTMENT WITH SECURITY

at **2 1/4%**
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Reserves £225,000

Natural Bristle Toilet Brushes are the best

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NAIL
AND BATH
BRUSHES
BY
ROONEY

MAKERS OF BRUSHES FOR OVER 150 YEARS

DEAFNESS DEFEATED WITH AN AMPLIVOX HEARING AID

Small : Light : Unobtrusive
Individually Fitted : Guaranteed

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London, W.1. Tel.: WEL 2591
Branches throughout country.

FIRE! WHERE'S YOUR NU-SWIFT?

The World's Fastest Fire Extinguishers
— for every Fire Risk

Pressure-operated by sealed CO₂ Charges
NU-SWIFT LTD. • ELLAND • YORKS
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

For business or leisure . . .

a pleasure

**Double
Two**
SHIRT

with SPARE COLLAR (Pat.)

From all good men's shops

The WAKEFIELD SHIRT Co. Ltd. (Dept. 4, 122-124, KIRKGATE, WAKEFIELD, YORKS)



In any event

Say it with **FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

What nicer way of conveying greetings to friends and relations than by a gift of beautiful flowers. Within a matter of hours, fresh, fragrant flowers can be delivered anywhere in the world through the 20,000 members of Interflora, the world-wide flowers-by-wire service.

INTERFLORA THE ONLY INTERNATIONAL *Flowers-by-wire Service*

LOOK FOR THE INTERFLORAL SIGN AT YOUR LOCAL FLORISTS
your guarantee of satisfaction

Issued by INTERFLORA (Dept. P.) 358/362, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.14.



"What did you enjoy most at the Festival, mother?"

"Sitting down with my shoes off, eating an Allinson Bread Sandwich."

"That's Allinson's whole-wheat flavour. It does make things taste extra good."

"All sandwiches should be made with it."

"The splendid thing is that Allinson Bread should be so nourishing as well as so nice to eat. It gives you the whole goodness of wheat from which nothing has been robbed."

"Don't I know it! Once I'd fought my way back into my shoes, I had so much energy after the sandwiches that I was sorry when it was time to come home."

For an attractive 32-page book of delicious wholewheat recipes, send 6d. in stamps to Allinson Limited, 210 Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2.



As SHE REFLECTS on that entry in her diary, an anxious wife is reproaching herself. If only she had been more careful . . .

She had bandaged the cut on her husband's hand and had seen no signs of dirt in it. Yet because she omitted to make it antiseptically safe, infection had started. And, worse still, instead of remaining local it had become established in his bloodstream. The doctor said there could have been germs on her hands, on the broken glass, on her husband's skin. You could never tell. That's why it is so vitally important

to keep a good antiseptic, like O-syl, always handy.

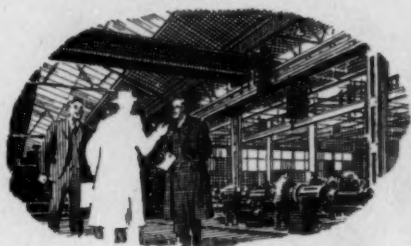
O-syl has been proved by severe hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci, Staphylococci and B. Typhosum, the cause of common (sometimes fatal) diseases. O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant. Use it as directed and it will keep you, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Don't be wise *after* the event. Be wise and O-sylise *now*.



O-syl

REGD.

*****THE HOSPITAL-PROVED ANTISEPTIC*****



The Vacuum Way

IN INDUSTRY

A good chap to have about the place . . .

He is a familiar and reassuring figure about the works. You may see him drawing off samples of oil for testing in the Vacuum laboratories, or discussing one of the laboratory's reports. He may be checking maintenance records of the machinery, studying the lubrication layout of the plant — or, perhaps, making a complete plant lubrication survey. He represents the finest and most comprehensive lubrication service in the world — he is the Vacuum Service Engineer.

Vacuum's Gargoyle industrial oils and process products are helping to keep the wheels of industry turning smoothly in works all over the country. But Vacuum is far more than a supplier of top-class lubricants. It is a complete lubrication service, with skilled Vacuum lubrication specialists working in close and constant touch with plant operating staffs.

This is only one aspect of the Vacuum Lubrication Service. There is, for instance, a Vacuum specialist on marine lubrication at every major port in the world. On the farm, tractors and all kinds of farm machinery respond the better for Vacuum care and supervision. This same Vacuum Service helps to keep fleets of lorries and buses on the move, coaxes peak performance from monster railway engines, and ensures that your car or motor-cycle is never far from supplies of Mobiloil and other Vacuum lubricants it needs.

A complete lubrication service for everything mechanical—

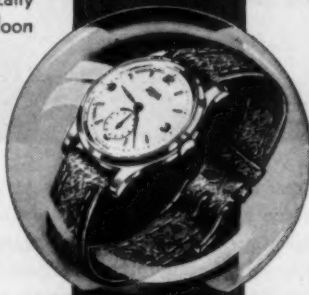
THAT'S THE VACUUM WAY

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1



Sheltered

as in a hermetically sealed glass balloon



The

**CYMA
TRIPLEX**

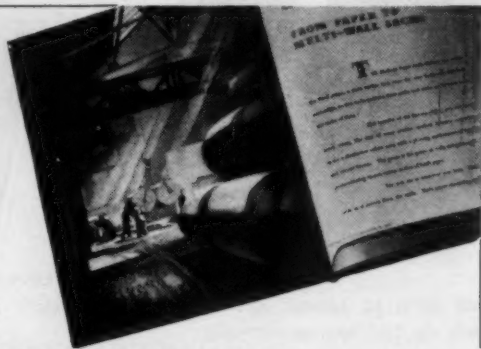
movement

owes its successful protection against DUST and DIRT to the perfect construction of its specially built case.

CYMA

TRIPLEX

SHOCK-ABSORBER • DUSTPROOF • NON-MAGNETIC
WORLD'S FINEST WATCH FOR ALL CLIMATES AND ROUGH WEAR



"THE MEDWAY STORY" This delightfully illustrated book tells the story of the multi-wall paper sack from pine forest to industrial consumer. It is available to all executives interested in modern packaging. Please write to:—



MEDWAY PAPER SACKS

Division of the REED Paper Group

MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD., LARKFIELD, NEAR MAIDSTONE, KENT

Deer Mummy...



CENTRAL PARK HOTEL
NEW YORK N.Y.

Deer Mummy

I am in New York after a lovely trip. Everybody was so kind on the plane and we had beds to sleep in and dinner and breakfast just like a restaurant. Uncle John met me at the airport and he said how funny it was that I was in London at night and with him in America in the morning. He said he is going to fly next time and he said it makes home seem just like next door.

Love and xxxxxx Jean



Children of eight and upwards often travel alone by B.O.A.C. and love it. That's because we're always ready for children and used to them. Our stewardesses, for example, make doubly sure that boys and girls receive every care and attention; many have done hospital work, all are trained in first aid. Consult your Travel Agent or B.O.A.C.: Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VIC. 2323) or Regent St., W.1. (MAY. 6611).

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU TO ALL SIX CONTINENTS

FLY BRITISH BY **B.O.A.C.**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED

Punch, June 27 1951



"Quosh! that's better"

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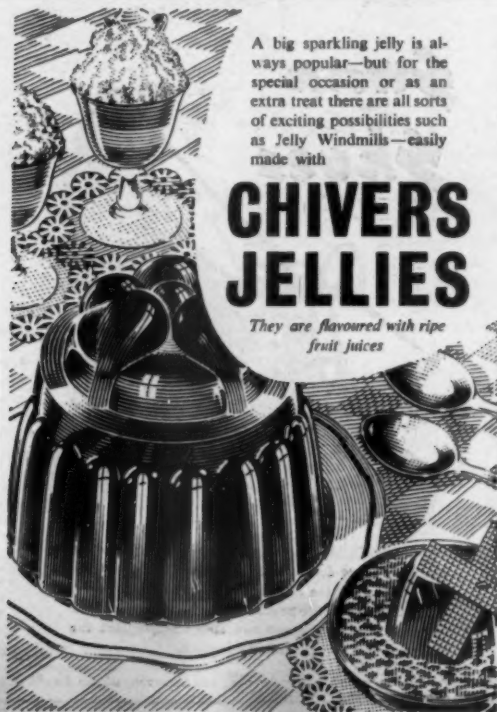
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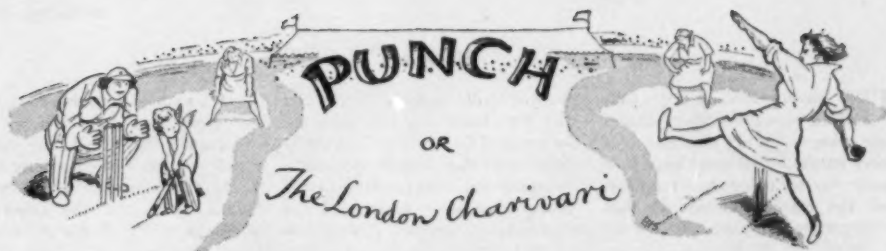
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CHARIVARIA

A RECENTLY identified Bronze Age sword, made over three thousand years ago, has been in use for the past three years by a Norfolk farm worker for hedging, ditching and topping beet. This solves the problem of what to do with your old Bronze Age swords.

"In general," says Dr. Calvin Hall, an American psychologist, "we find that while husbands are dreaming about their wives, their wives are dreaming about them too." Not much folding of the hands for Solomon.

Manager Meets His Match

"HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
TIGER AND ANOTHER v. BARCLAYS
BANK, LIMITED"
"The Times"

A woman who believed she was being overcharged is alleged to have attacked a greengrocer with a cucumber. She thought she was entitled to try to beat him down a bit.



"If you should find a Colorado Beetle, call the Telephone Exchange and ask for 'Beetle.' You will then be put through to the officials who will deal with you."

Official notice in Jersey paper

Safer, perhaps, to let the beetle do its own telephoning.



"Henley Regatta will open without the statue of 'The Lady with Two Faces' overlooking, from its base on Temple Island, the start of the races . . . It is to be replaced by the owner, Major —."

"Daily Telegraph"

In toga—or regimentals!

When two boxers, one of whom habitually enters the ring to the music of the bagpipes and the other to that of an accordion, were unable to agree which of them should go into the ring first, they compromised by going in together, with both instruments playing at once. There was, of course, a preliminary exchange of notes.

Representations against hens' being forced to lay at unnatural hours have been made to M.P.s. The latter are believed to have very decided views on the subject of late-night sittings.



SIRRAH

THE naval officer knows that nothing is quite so important and engrossing as the art of sirrah. For every encounter he must learn how many *sirs* to let out per sentence, and the correct position in that sentence for those *sirs*. Above all, if he is to achieve results, he must master the intonations. For, although the efficient officer will of course examine his context before choosing his tone, the context is, in fact, of secondary importance, and a good *sir*, even if slipped into a mere remark about the weather, can produce, as requisite, either dumb rage or self-preening in the sirree.

From the mass of material available I have chosen the few samples that I think make the best illustrations. I begin with the midshipman, to whom sirrah is applied by three kinds of person. The Chief Petty Officer Gunnery Instructor, old enough to be his father, calls him *sir* in the tone of a genial elephant addressing a dachshund puppy. A standard phrase is: "I wouldn't do it that way, *sir*, or the commander'll most likely tan your hide." The commander, explaining to the midshipman that he should not, at four o'clock on a summer morning in Malta, repair on board in a dinner jacket with a portable radio under one arm, will end his remarks with: "And now,

sir, you will perhaps understand why your leave and your wine-bill are stopped for a month." Thirdly there are the formal occasions, charming but disconcerting to the young sirree, upon which aged and distinguished generals, their orders and decorations clanging, have been known to bend down to a midshipman and say: "After you, *sir*: Senior Service first."

Next are two thriving and contrasting instances. There is, firstly, the *sir* of the commander for the younger commander with the acting rank of captain. Of the sound of this *sir* it is enough to say that it shows the speaker to have a sense of Service discipline, and an attitude of civilized detachment, that would enable him to call a day-old chick *sir*, if duty required it of him. Secondly and somewhat conversely there is the *sir* of the very junior commander for the very senior, almost retired, commander; the former's voice makes it clear that his *sir* is voluntary, but voluntary, and is uttered solely to show the respect due from a young officer, albeit passing rapidly through the rank on his way up to the appointment of First Sea Lord, for a much older man stuck for ever in that same rank. This one is commonly known as beastly sirrah, or, more obscurely, as malice athwartships.

On a par with these two, but on an upper level, are the *sir* and *counter-sir* exchanged like broadsides between two extremely high-ranking officers, one in the senior appointment and the other the senior in rank. "It is a privilege to serve with you, *sir*." "Sir, it is a privilege to serve under you."

"Sir!" "Sir!" Finally there is what I can only describe as my favourite. This is the *sir* that the flag lieutenant adds to the end of his laughter at the admiral's joke. It has an ingenuous felicity, almost impossible to render in print, and is a *sine qua non* for the flag-lieutenant who loves his admiral's daughter. There are three quick small "ha"s, a large long "HA," and a little *sir* at the end, something like this: "ha ha ha HA, *sir*." The *sir* has to be there and yet not there. I confess I love that one, but then I've never loved an admiral's daughter.

There, then, are a few examples of a great art. Its fascination never dies. How sad, indeed, is the fate of the Commander-in-Chief: past master of sirrah, forty years of experience behind him—and no sirree.

ADVICE TO TOURISTS

or HOW TO ENJOY THOSE PARTS

IF, tourist, you should chance to find The Midlands "sodden and unkind," Survey its smokescares, if you can, Through eyes of Economic Man.

A gas-works by a river's brim
A thing of beauty is to him
Who contemplates the scene in terms
Of cubic feet and coke and therms.

He weeps not when a gaunt machine
Excoriates the village green
Who in a slag-heap's slope can see
A graph of productivity.

So—play the mad Materialist!
Proclaim that "Man ist was er ist!"
Then not the Midlands, you will find,
But only poets are unkind.

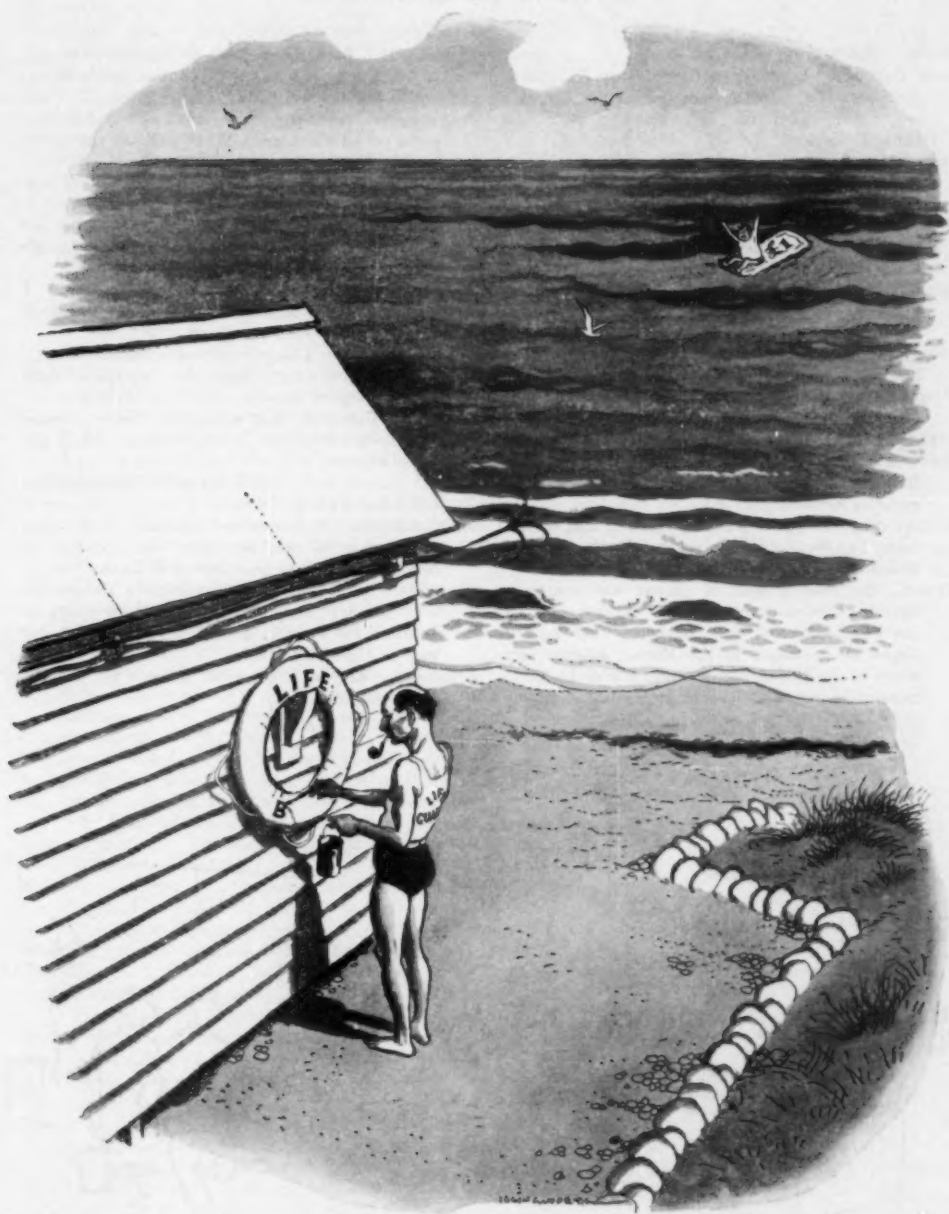
E. V. MILNER

Festival Invitation to Readers

WOULD you care to see the Punch Room and its famous Table, which are to be on view—for the first time since 1934—throughout the summer? If so, please call at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4., on any WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY or FRIDAY (beginning next Wednesday, July 4) between the hours of 10 A.M. and 5 P.M.

You will also be shown a special Exhibition of original drawings that have appeared recently in *Punch*, including coloured originals for the "Festival" number—together with photographs of leading contemporary artists and writers and other "curiosities" of interest to this paper and, we hope, its readers.

Bouverie Street is a turning off Fleet Street, about half-way down on the right. There is no charge for admission. All you have to do is to get there—we shall be very glad to see you.



HELP!

FESTIVAL FRAGMENTS

II

GUIDE. Through the turnstiles, sheep.

JOCK PARCUTT. I intend to devour this Exhibition systematically. At the moment all my faculties are concentrated on understanding how the turnstile works.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. The basic principle, father, is so simple as to be laughable. First we have a geared ratchet, the which . . .

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. I suppose if I threw that child in the river some busybody would interfere—the River Police as like as not.

GUIDE. There is no need to take notes, everything I say is in the Festival Guide. Keep an eye open for unauthorized listeners.

JOCK PARCUTT. What lesson is to be learned from the Skylon?

GUIDE. Well, there is not anything you can put your finger on as definitely improving; but I like it.

JABEZ CROOMB. It is an end in itself, like Latin verse.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. I like it even better than the Bailey Bridge. What it loses in horizontality, it gains in verticality.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. I want to climb it and stick a funny hat there. It may yet become the Martyrs' Memorial of London.

GUIDE. The Shot Tower, of course, was originally intended for the manufacture of shot; but it has been converted and converted until now it dispatches messages to the Moon. Adaptability is one of the British virtues; others may be found mentioned in the Official Guide.

LUKE DOOM. I am going in this door and I advise you to follow me. It seems to be devoted to the Press, one of our noblest British Institutions.

JOURNALIST. What paper are you all on? Has anyone got a pencil-sharpener? What will you ask me to have?

GUIDE. Come along out of there. We shall now draw lots.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. I have drawn "Minerals of the Island." Well, a merry heart can find a chuckle almost anywhere.

JOCK PARCUTT. Mine is "Homes and Gardens." I expect I shall be able to give them a tip or two.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. I have regrettably drawn "Sport." The most I can hope for is some faint anthropological interest.

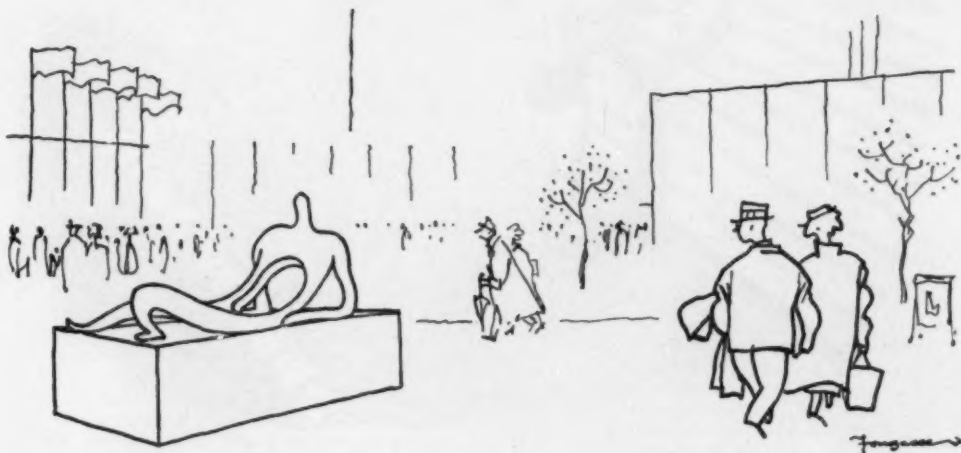
MIGNONNE PARCUTT. Let us try to decide whether the Upstream or the Downstream section is the more Festive.

GUIDE. Gaiety is not scheduled to become unbridled until Battersea is reached.

JABEZ CROOMB. Gaiety is comparative. This seems pretty gay to me; but then my standard of comparison is Liverpool Street Station.

JOCK PARCUTT. One of the advantages of Exhibitions is that they mingle natives and foreigners in international amity. I think we should play our part in this. Hi, you!

STRANGER. Eh, lad? Quel est la matière? Voulez-vous assistance?



"That reminds me, dear—did you remember the sandwiches?"

JOCK PARCUTT. Took you for a foreigner, frightfully sorry.

STRANGER. Ah've been trying to find foreigner all afternoon to be helpful like. Ah'll try chap in turban.

JOCK PARCUTT. We are a large party; you are a minority of one. We'll try him. Having a good time, old boy?

EASTERN VISITOR. My delight is like the blush of a lotus reflected in a crystal pool.

JOCK PARCUTT. The answer appears to verge on the affirmative.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. Now, do just describe what you like best. It will be one less thing for me to look at.

EASTERN VISITOR. The shoe-black. *(The party scatter to look round separately. After some time they reunite.)*

JABEZ CROOMB. I keep looking through windows and seeing people eating. When I climb the stairs to get in they always carry me past. It took me six flights, up and down, to get my last cup of tea. I had never realized the part played by stairs in the British Way of Life.

LUKE DOOM. Early pilgrims, I believe, sometimes wore peas in their shoes. I shall wear holes in mine. I remember making that jest with some success at Wembley.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Fashions in humour change; so do fashions in Exhibitions. At Wembley there were little cars to take you about the grounds; but then there were more grounds.

GUIDE. If there were more grounds here the Exhibition would end up somewhere near the Elephant and Castle and you would be able to cover much of it by tram.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. I found "New Schools" quite the worthiest pavilion. I have not seen anything quite so overpoweringly well-intentioned since the League of Nations Union.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. I looked in and did not find the academic standard high.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. It is higher in the "Lion and the Unicorn," which has the kind of scholarship found in the better detective stories.

WESTERN VISITOR. Excuse, please. I am ex-President Gonsuelo T. Midanez. Do you know where I can get some machine-guns? I feel like a *coup d'état*. I expect it is the weather.

GUIDE. Try the Travelling Exhibition.

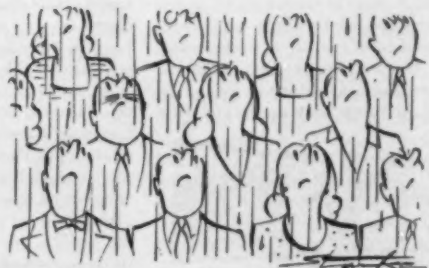
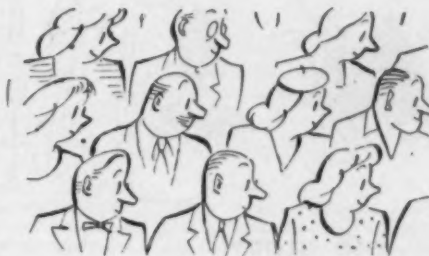
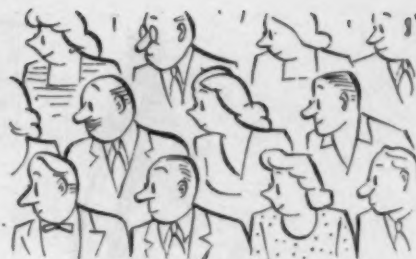
WESTERN VISITOR. I'll send my Prospective Cabinet after it. They can't expect to spend their entire exile in the Telecinema.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. I feel more fully informed than any blonde can comfortably be. Hasn't some arrangement been made for us to relax?

GUIDE. Yes, we take boat for Battersea and this, improbable as it may seem, will lighten the burden considerably.

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE





OLD GLORY

The Great Exhibition of 1851

OF the one hundred thousand exhibits which glittered in Hyde Park one hundred years ago only a few survive to awaken wistful echoes in the Victoria and Albert's present exhibition to commemorate the centenary of the Crystal Palace. Upon this wax plant, this stuffed kittens' tea-party, this steam gun (without its boiler), a flushed and proud Victoria once gazed; that Pugin cabinet delighted her, this rotary knife-grinder intrigued her; she was struck no doubt, as we are to-day, with the supreme uselessness of the knife with eighteen hundred and fifty-one blades; bending her tear-bright eye on this nodule of iron pyrites she mused afresh on the excellence of her beloved Albert, President of the Royal Commission.

One hundred thousand exhibits, dwindled in a century to this. It is sad to think that moth and rust

must have corrupted Mr. Winfield's scrolled and Cupidaceous metal bedstead, the fire-escapes, the drainage tools, the five-gallon tea-urns, the "expanding piano for gentlemen's yachts." Here is Monsieur Jullien's Great Exhibition Quadrille (Fifth figure: "March of All Nations to London," ff.) but what of Mr. Deane's diving apparatus, and the twenty-one-foot statue of the Queen in galvanized zinc? It has been easier of course to collect the British than the foreign articles for this small revival; the suite of horn furniture from Hamburg would perhaps be difficult to locate to-day, and it is doubtful whether any approach has been made to Russia for the renewed loan of the pair of drawing-room doors in malachite which captivated everybody in 1851. There are only a few pieces of sculpture, mostly replicas. Vanished is that incalculable tonnage of statuary that writhed and postured under the "blazing arch of lucid glass," and upon whose bewispred females—often in pre-Pankhurst chains, more often engaged in lively combat with lions, bears, serpents, panthers and other brute enemies of civilization—six million visitors lavished the ready compassion of a generation

whose idea of true frightfulness was still the runaway horse.

To compare the two Exhibitions is tempting, but, in fact, they have not a great deal in common. Prince Albert's (or Henry Cole's) was condescendingly international; its challenge to the rest of the world to show what it could do to impress the grown-ups brought a large and varied response, including a watch and tooth-polishing machine from Sardinia, a 900-foot length of lead piping from Austria, and some honey from the Bishop of Greece. Mr. Morrison's (or Sir Gerald Barry's) is defiantly national, inviting the rest of the world to come and look but not to compete. Again, Mr. Paxton's giant greenhouse went up at the zenith of our power and prosperity—but the Royal Commission had to raise its funds first and spend them afterwards; whereas Mr. Tubbs' Dome of Discovery and companion structures rose on the uneasy foundations of a shilling meat ration and a devalued currency—but were liberally financed by the same amiable taxpayer who is now rolling his money across the turnstiles in the hope of paying himself back. There are other comparisons which cannot yet be drawn. The 1851



venture cost about £336,000, or rather less than one-seventh of the cost of our new Festival Hall, and it made a profit of £186,000, or rather more than fifty per cent. What the 1951 profit will be remains to be seen, just as the splendid figure of 934,691 bath buns sold a century ago cannot be challenged until the South Bank caterers rule off their books in the autumn—though it seems reasonable, even at this premature date, to adjudge our great-grandparents the victors in the soft drinks stakes with a really grand total of 1,092,337 bottles.

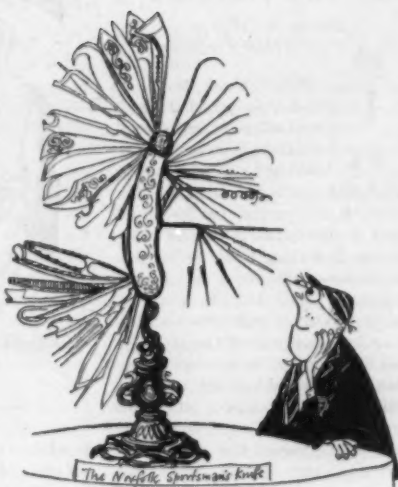
At the Great Exhibition all drinks were soft; the probable behaviour of provincials and foreigners, even sober, had been a matter for official anxiety from the first, an anxiety that (with many others) was also given unofficial expression, notably by Colonel Charles de L. Waldo Sibthorp, M.P. "All the bad characters at present scattered over the country will be attracted to Hyde Park," he declared, and recommended "persons residing near the Park to keep a sharp lookout after their silver forks and spoons and servant maids." But the Colonel prophesied every kind of disaster for "that miserable Crystal Palace, that wretched place," and was by no means unsupported. Even in America the theory was widely held that the reverberations of the Royal Salute on May 1 would explode the building into a pile of dust-fine particles.

When these and other forecasts of calamity reached the ears of the King of Prussia he sought reassurance in the highest quarter . . . and anyone who has thought of Albert as a dull dog will be interested in

his reply: "Mathematicians have calculated," he wrote calmly, "that the Crystal Palace will blow down in the first strong gale; engineers that the galleries would crash in and destroy the visitors; doctors that owing to so many races coming into contact with each other the Black Death of the Middle Ages would make its appearance as it did after the crusades; moralists that England would be infected by all the scourges of the civilized and the uncivilized world; theologians that this second Tower of Babel would draw upon it the vengeance of an offended God. I can give no guarantee against these perils, nor am I in a position to assume responsibility for the possibly menaced lives of your Royal relatives."

But nothing happened. The Queen, on her almost daily visits, was neither attacked nor insulted. The Prince, who had on an early tour of inspection mistakenly acknowledged the cheers of workmen who were really welcoming a lorry-load of beer, now enjoyed tremendous ovations for himself alone—and was moreover awarded a medal, jointly for his labours as President and his exhibit, under Class VII, of a model lodging-house. The Crystal Palace survived the Salute; none of the foreign exhibits was smashed by indignant protectionists; the Koh-i-Noor remained inviolate (and rather disappointing) in its glass case; Colonel Sibthorp kept away altogether; and the rest of England and half the world came peaceably marvelling.

To put it mildly, the Exhibition was a success. An hysteria of excitement and joy swept the country. The sight of so many eager pilgrims of all classes converging upon Hyde Park, even "people speaking the strange tongues of



Lancashire and Durham . . . caused undemonstrative Englishmen to shake hands in the streets and even to shed tears in public."* In any comparison between Then and Now, this matter of the public feelings might well be pondered. In the two rooms at the Victoria and Albert the actual exhibits are eked out by other relevant material, and the manuscript diary of a Mr. W. I. Bell, for instance, hints at the mood of thoughtful enjoyment in which our ancestors approached these wonders. "This morning," it begins, "we proceeded in an omnibus to the Crystal Palace"—the *Punch*-devised sobriquet is centred on the page and tastefully illuminated—"when after procuring a Plan we commenced at one end of the building and proceeded to examine the various objects in a systematic manner, first visiting the stone and coal deposited outside the Building at its Western end. . . ."

So different from the attitude of the young lady who sat behind me in an omnibus only yesterday, trying hard to persuade a friend to give the South Bank a trial. "You ought to go, Enid, honestly," she coaxed. "I mean, there's a lot of what you might call tripe, but some of it's quite okay." J. B. BOOTHROYD

* Arthur Bryant's *English Saga*



AT THE PICTURES

Ace in the Hole
White Corridors

I DON'T think there is much danger that anyone will go to see *Ace in the Hole* (Director: BILLY WILDER) in the eager belief that it is a gay, cheering film all about nice people. On the other hand I don't like to think that anyone is staying away from the impression that it is a gloomy depressing film all about nasty people. What is undeniable is that it's a first-rate piece of film-making, and that in itself, in my experience, always has a stimulating and uplifting effect no matter what the story may be about. Uplifting in any other sense the picture is certainly not, unless from the fiercely moral point of view that the selfish, unfeeling, dishonest and generally unpleasant principal character meets retribution in the end after uncharacteristically repenting what he has done; and because it is uncharacteristic, that repentance is a false note. There are very few others in the picture, which is held with immense skill on a note of savage, bitter and—let's admit it—often amusing cynicism. It tells the story of a reporter with a nose for sensational news who has been "fired from seven papers with a total circulation of eleven million" and, exiled in New Mexico, finds by



Ace in the Hole

Atropos and the Journalist

Charles Tatum—KIRK DOUGLAS

Lorraine—JAN STERLING

accident precisely the sort of occasion that will respond to his working-up and make his name in the process. A man is trapped in a cave; the reporter manoeuvres himself into an important place among the rescue workers and by judicious bribery of one kind and another contrives to delay their operations so that the tremendous story will last seven days instead of seventeen hours. Not only this, he makes it his "exclusive": a corrupt sheriff is ready to keep the rest of the Press on the other side of the crowd-barriers. KIRK DOUGLAS gives a brilliant performance as the brash, unscrupulous reporter, but besides being a character-study of him the picture is a sardonic examination of morbid crowd psychology, of sensationalism in general and the popular taste for it and its effect on ordinary people. Not a comforting film, but an extremely good one, as stimulating as black coffee.

The "hospital picture" makes nearly all its individual appeal by reason of the freshness and authenticity of its detail, the air of reality about the circumstances and the convincing—at least to the medically ignorant—shop-talk of the doctors and nurses. It is excellently written and directed and full of quietly pleasing touches. The main emphasis of the basic story is on the work of a research pathologist, and the climax is concerned with the saving of his life by a woman surgeon with some stuff he has not yet proved to be safe. That situation—particularly since the pair are in love—is inevitably artificial; but JAMES DONALD and GOOGIE WITHERS are honestly credible in the parts, and most of the other people in the long cast, being as well served by the script, are no less good. I liked this.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

About the most pleasing and worthwhile film in London is *Four in a Jeep* (20/6/51). *La Ronde* (16/5/51) continues to enrapture a somewhat more specialized public.

The only new release I can say a word for is *The Groom Wore Spurs* (6/6/51), which has good verbal and visual fun. Don't overlook the earlier ones, *Where the Sidewalk Ends* (23/5/51) and the really outstanding *A Walk in the Sun* (7/3/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



White Corridors

Heart-throb for Hippocrates
 Sophie Dean (a young surgeon)—
 GOOGIE WITHERS

In *Ace in the Hole* there is sometimes too much background or "mood" music; a very good point about *White Corridors* (Director: PAT JACKSON) is that it has not a single note of background music—or for that matter music used in any other way, even to link scenes or at the fade-out. This is very suitable to the story (from HELEN ASHTON's novel *Yeoman's Hospital*) which though using certain of the conventional situations and characters of

BUNDLES OF TROUBLE

ON Saturday morning I decided I'd left it late enough: my runner beans would have to be given some form of support before the day was out or they would run amok. Already they were stretching hungry tendrils towards the house and tugging in awful mute supplication at my turn-ups every time I set foot in the garden. Adding beansticks to my shopping-list I hurried off to the shops to buy a couple of bundles.

An hour later I was beginning to lose heart. Beansticks appeared to be non-existent in our neighbourhood. I had a feeling that there were bundles of the things maturing in cool cellars under the local hardware stores, but for some reason the shopkeepers seemed reluctant to admit it. "Beansticks?" they said evasively. "There isn't the demand for them in this part of London." And they began making little pleats in their aprons, waiting for me to go.

As a last resort I decided to try the big department store in the High Street. The commissionaire at the door was not too optimistic. It seemed that there was not the demand for beansticks in that part of London. However, if I'd care to try the Horticultural Department on the lower ground floor . . .

I tried the Horticultural Department. It was a splendid place, gay with the polychrome promises of the seedsmen and murmurous with running water. Deck-chairs and garden-seats stretched as far as the eye could see. A head gardener was deploying a section of red-capped gnomes on a giant rockery. I went up to him.

"Beansticks?" I inquired.

The head gardener stiffened. He turned, still holding a gnome between thumb and forefinger, and stared at me.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

I stepped back into a pool of goldfish. "Beansticks," I whispered. "Two bundles."

It was obvious that bulk-buying wasn't going to make things any better. The man paled. He hooked a finger in a piece of trellis-work for

support. Then he hurried away and shut himself up in a greenhouse with an under-gardener wearing a brown overall. I could see them peering at me anxiously through the glass.

I was wringing out one of my socks in a summer-house when the head gardener's face appeared at the window. "Our Mr. Hobday will attend to you," he sighed. He looked at me for a moment with big, hurt eyes and then tip-toed away and threw himself into a deck-chair.

I stayed in the summer-house until Mr. Hobday arrived with my two bundles of beansticks. It was some time since I had come face to face with beansticks in the mass, and I was appalled by the size of the things. I shot a glance at the head gardener; he was pretending to be engrossed in the rules of croquet, but I could feel his eyes watching me from beneath the fringed awning of his chair.

There could be no turning back now. I paid Mr. Hobday for the beansticks, heaved them into the slope-arms position and started for the exit.

I felt a hand on my arm. It was the head gardener.

"That way," he breathed, "lies Glassware."

I took the hint. Balancing the beansticks on end I released my hold, turned smartly about and caught them again in the nick of time. I heard the head gardener give a little moan as I made my way to the stairs.

Half-way up I ran into Colonel Rackstraw. I have, on one or two occasions, been of some slight assistance to the Colonel, for he has only recently returned from India and was in the habit, until I took him in hand, of haggling over odd coppers with the girl assistants at the grocer's; so I was not surprised when he insisted on taking one of the bundles of beansticks from me and blazing a trail to the street.

It was a pity that the route led through the Perfumery Department. They will build the bath-salts up into such ridiculously unstable pyramids.

"Furniture Bargains" 30, Silver Street, Dursley offer Oak Roll Top Desk in Perfect Condition, £25. Also Office Desk Chain to match, £5."

Advt. in Gloucestershire paper

Conscience should suffice.



"Turnbull, Accounts, wife sick . . . Hutchings, Dispatch, earache . . ."

THE SUBTLE TWIST

OF all the regions of the B.B.C., the West of England must surely be the most bucolic. From it issues a spate of birdsong, and all its many programmes contain men with voices of immense depth. Not content with the vague ill-directed hammering which goes on just outside the studios of other regions, the West of England appears to employ several men with heavy boots to wheel barrows up and down its corridors. My own wireless set is even sensitive enough to pick up the sound of cider as it is pumped through the radiators. It may be that the heavy-booted men are not outside the studios at all, but inside, pounding apples to pulp with their feet. The regular hiss of cider is broken only by the swishing of the announcers' smocks.

I spent several hours the other evening trying to pick up a talk that a friend of mine was giving, ostensibly from Bristol, but far more probably from some vast vat further West still, where the men who bring late announcements to the studios have to dodge the bullets of the Doones. I don't want to appear critical of my wireless set, which has provided me with entertainment for many years, but it has lately dropped all pretence at accuracy. Its dial, which bears fascinating names like Kiev, Lwow, and Riga, now renders only anonymous service. Until a few days ago, I had worked out a perfect scheme by which I knew exactly what I was

listening to and where it came from. London was just above the crack in the glass and slightly south of the line from which Brindisi winked an uncertain light at me. Scotland involved a journey beyond the known world as far as the dial was concerned. It was swathed in the misty regions below 200 metres. I once wanted to hear a programme from Manchester, called "Men of Smoke," and I found them sharing the line marked Barcelona.

But now the stations seem to be changing places almost nightly. I hang out of my window at night in the hope of seeing a sinister black limousine carrying John Snagge's picked men to Leeds before the seven o'clock news, or of spotting some kilted cyclist heading for London to deliver the news in Gaelic. I wonder whether it is not all part of some immense security measure designed to throw Soviet monitors off the scent and sidetrack them into a talk on "Dyke-Control during Winter" from Hilversum (Birmingham?). It may only be a B.B.C. plot of course to avoid paying royalties on Russian plays.

I was, as I said, looking for the West of England the other evening. I am always hampered by the refusal of my newsagent to deliver the *Radio Times* before Wednesday. Until it arrives I am compelled to rely upon the monosyllabic programme-schedule published in the newspapers. In his remote youth whoever compiles these took a vow of partial silence and he has sternly divided listeners into classes. There are the Talk-listeners, the Dance-band-listeners, the Play-listeners and so on. Whereas all dance-bands sound the same, all talks do not, and this he ought to realize. Here again, I may suspect an official plot to make me listen to four talks I don't want to hear in the hope of hearing one I do. Did you know that, even in spring, the Samoans boil . . . ?

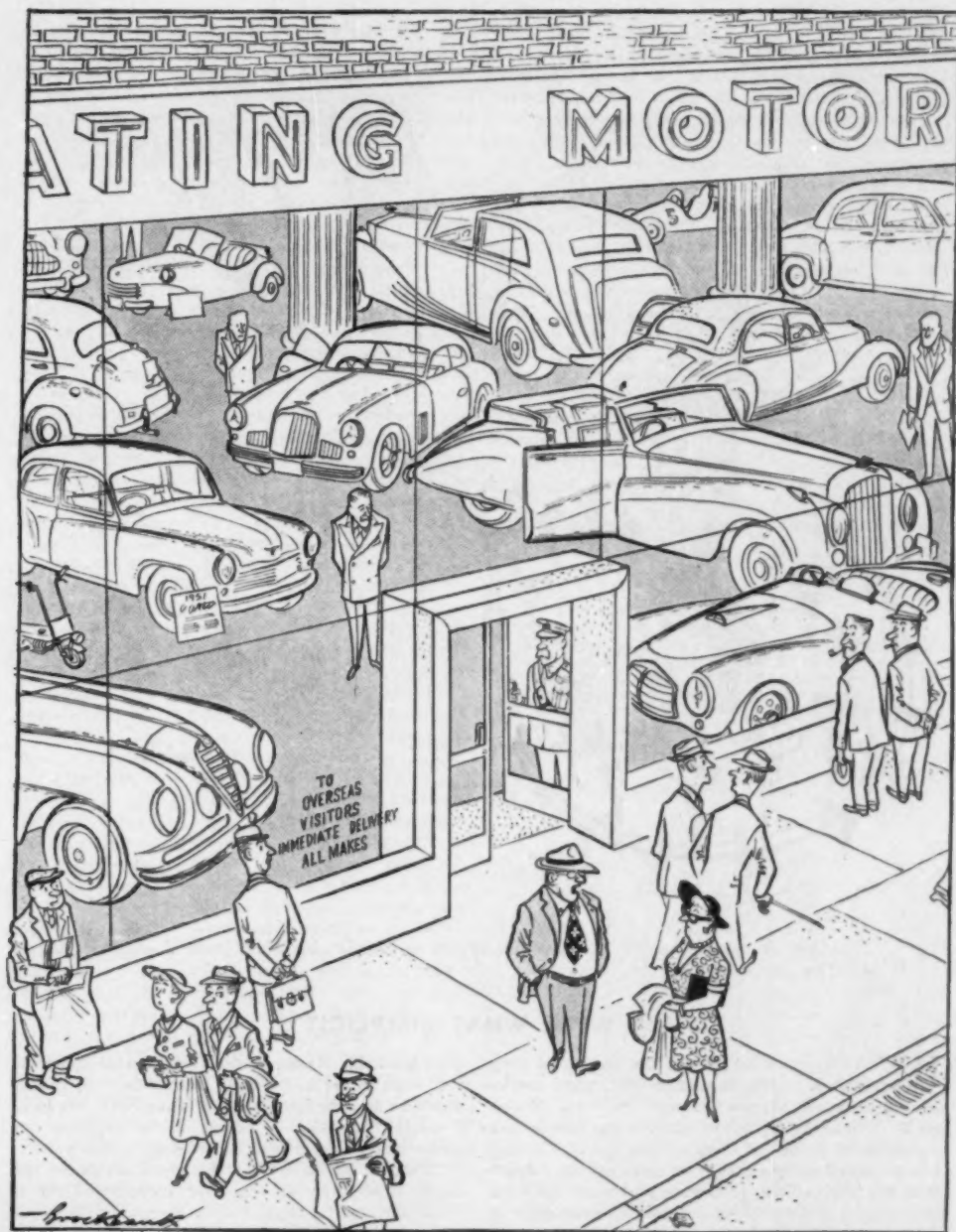
My friend, who was giving the talk that I was trying to find, had muttered the time at me, but it wasn't until two days later that I found he'd been postponed,

overwhelmed by some programme that went on too long and nobody dared to stop. But—and this is the important point—I made a very remarkable discovery. I found the station that broadcasts all the applause. It is enormously powerful and radiates on at least ten widely different wavelengths. It is situated, I suspect, not far from that other station where the programmes are always finishing whenever you come upon them. They commission composers to write finales, authors to produce last paragraphs, and playwrights to create final curtains, all far beyond ordinary standards of finality. They are particularly fond of ending music, with the exception of German singers who have a wonderful way of going on for ever, sustained from time to time by some private and massive Teutonic joke.

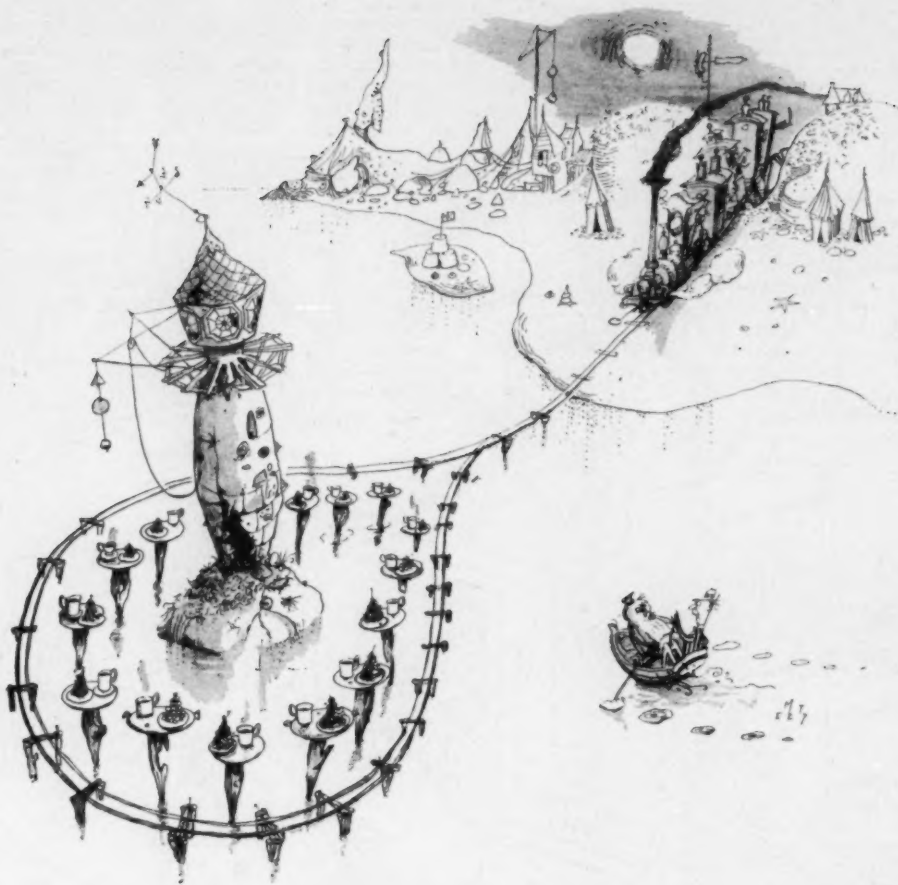
But this applause-station is obviously very much bigger. It's not in England, because nobody whistles, although there may be an export department which sells applause to the midday variety relays of the B.B.C. It has a staff of thousands, all in a permanent frenzy of adulation. From the sound of it, it would appear to be located in several large caves which, having powerful echoes, may cut down the expenditure on wages. Like the language of music, applause is universal and bravos may be freely exported all over Europe, while clapping hands may be of any colour. I kept stumbling on this station all the time I was looking for Edward. I couldn't believe he would arouse so much enthusiasm for a talk of the kind he was going to give. After all, not even modern farmers are so demonstrative. Nor did I believe that he would have an audience at all, far less one in which he could summon up such fervour. And, as it happens, he hadn't and couldn't.

I hope to find out a lot more about this station. This evening Birmingham (Hilversum?) is presenting a programme on Small Arms and I'm taking an hour off to find it. Perhaps I shall locate the men who speed up programmes in order to feature their bell-ringing friends.





"I didn't see anything I fancied."



"Oh, you 've seen the posters... 'Fast Excursions to Dogfish Bay, Trip round Lighthouse, and Winkle Tea, Inclusive 7s. 6d. ...'"

SEE WITH WHAT SIMPLICITY

HOWEVER you would define the quality of very nearly being quite unsophisticated, when you're talking to people like us you don't have to. We've got it. We never hesitate to admit to our friends that sophisticated is the one thing we aren't, which is why I have graded us up a little from sheer *naïveté*. Apart from not being able to pronounce that word, not even in writing, a really naïve person would not be quite so ready to admit to simplicity; or so we hope. And some of our characteristics aren't all that simple anyway; a stranger might take our liking for the lumps in icing-sugar as a sign, if not of decadence, at least of

connoisseurship blazing the trail. On the other hand, if you want to see how simple we *can* be, you should watch us undoing our shopping in the bus. We have a special expressionless expression for admiring one corner of a new coat, and it's all done to fool you.

I should like to say that we spend life among the blasé, thus implying that our unsophistication is deliberate; among dark sinister men glowering over champagne buckets; colonels dressed for hunting, with one foot on a sports car; women in coolie hats leaning on the Berkeley or floating down flower-banked staircases in chain-mail; eyes narrowed above long clouds

of expensive cigarette smoke, world-weary voices flipping out epigrams, and so on. But we don't. It's the films and the novels and the shop-catalogues that show us what we might have been if we had tried. (I'm not saying that we don't hear an epigram now and then, probably from us, with no one listening.) But on the whole real life, for us, is not like that. A cross clever person who doesn't care for anything but cats; friends' friends, introduced in the street and never to know that this is our thrown-away mackintosh; admirals in dining-cars, half hidden by their *Times* but with any luck listening—these are some of the people who in their different ways bring out our true selves.

Of course there's nothing like hotels for bringing that out. I suppose we've all learnt by now that it's not fussy to give your key up every single time you go out, but in subtler ways we still indicate that the big world is an adventure. No one else would notice that we're looking awfully clean and tidy, but we do, and it gives us a kind of festive animation, producing the sort of public conversation that wives keep up so much better than husbands can. And we're always frightfully kind to waiters, I mean even kinder than the waiters want us to be, and careful to eat absolutely everything because after all they cooked it. And then there's the typical way we ask for another jug of hot water at tea time—following the wrong waiter with a gaze of mute intelligence, and then, when we do get someone to take any notice of us, handing the jug over with an intonation that suggests we'd gladly pay for it if they didn't know that we knew it was free. I need not say that the hotel types which, oddly enough, are to be found in hotels get their full share of fascinated observation; and you mustn't think we sit there with our mouths open. We manage our observation very subtly by looking at them when they're not looking, which is more than anyone could do to us.

All this, naturally, is in English hotels, where we are perfectly at ease and a match for any fellow-guest who is kind enough to tell us it's a fine day. In a foreign hotel we live in fear that someone will speak to us, and so we never show to our full advantage, being at our unhappiest when we have lost our room and have to look to the passing chambermaid as if we were walking in that direction on purpose. We can lose ourselves anywhere, though; it is a part of our philosophy that all the other people in the world are automatically granted, when entering any large building, a mental ground-plan and that it's only us who can't even stay in a moderate-sized house without being guided to our breakfast by sounds the other side of a door that certainly wasn't there last night.

As week-end visitors we make few demands; on those baffling occasions when everyone suddenly disappears and we trot distractedly round an empty house, we always make it clear that we were perfectly happy and had a lot of letters to write. And we're quite excited to find that the biscuit-tins in our bedroom rattle. We do try to be sophisticated about these biscuits, but anyone who looked in the tin on Sunday morning—I don't think anyone does—might wonder if

we'd had enough dinner. Nor have we, probably, because of being polite.

We tend to be frightened of dinner-tables, the sort you can see any day in the windows of department stores. I don't mean the table itself, though I must say that even that can be a shock to simple people used to the normal oblong with a leg at each corner. No, it's the welter of glass and silver and things. But experience has taught us not to panic, that if you look closely it's basically a reasonable set-up complicated by bits of lace and table-napkins and candlesticks. In fact we sometimes think we could have a shot at frightening people ourselves, but it never comes to anything, not after we've added up the mats that match and found that the pepper-pot has jammed. And in dining-rooms like ours, where we're so used to the clothes-horse being behind the sideboard that we've forgotten it's there, that is perhaps just as well.

I should like to leave you with a picture of us in worldly mood, to get the balance right; and so you may imagine us holding up a glass and saying "This is remarkably good," like what clever people say, only of course for "remarkably good" you should substitute "awfully nice" and remember that this is not an opinion on drink, it's just one of our ways of making everyone happy.

ANDE

"The last paper on Butterfield's 'Christianity and History' was given by the Rev. A. F. Thorpe, of Briston. The study of this book has been very rewarding. We have the prospect of losing several Methodist brethren who will go to new appointments before the autumn session begins."—*Eastern Daily Press*

Rewarding to whom?





LONDON LANDSCAPE

RIGID derricks ranking
on the sky-fall's purple canopy;
leafless forest
of an iron spring
leaning from the foreshore
by the wet wharves' pediment,
glittering through sun-weave
in armoured swing;
marshalled parallels,
a mail of moving panoply
set against the smoke-lift
where the tall stacks crowd;
graven silhouette,
a steel-meshed artifact
struck in medallion
on the rust-rimmed cloud.

Grey wave loitering
on smooth-swept sediment,
whale-grey flanking
to the tired tide:
wheeling to the inshore
curves the seabird, reconnoitring
the quay-caught waters
where the slow swans ride:
mast and mainsail
and the coloured files of funnelling
riding through roofs
under silver-foil of rain:
span of stone in symmetry
bridging over buttresses,
light as the gull-wing
in swan-white grain.

High spire and pinnacle
speared against the sunset;
masoned bastions
mountaining ahigh,
moulded grace of geometry
turreted in terraces,
from paved earth pillaring
the space of sky.
Light of burning gateways
opening the porphyry
chambers of the heavens here
lies aligned;
mantled sun in majesty
touching with an accolade
the myriad city,
the mart of mind.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



SECOND SIGHT, IN HARNESS

THREE weeks ago, writing about deaf children, I said that only by the most severe mental gymnastics could we, who can hear, begin to understand the loneliness of being cut off from sound. To fathom even a fraction of the corresponding deprivation of blindness is just as hard. The other day I was lucky enough to discuss its near impossibility with a girl who lost her sight when a small child, retaining no memory of things seen. She did her level, and extremely intelligent, best to help me, but there was still a bridge which imagination refused to cross. She said she had no real idea of the appearance of a house, a hedge, or even of an object so small that she could feel its whole shape with her hands. Her disappointment at this aesthetic loss had become negligible; her reaction to such things was the practical one of avoiding them (mainly through her increased sensitivity to currents of air) as she walked. She said that to be robbed of seeing was much less tragic than its effects on the mind—the loss of confidence and initiative and pride that came from being entirely dependent for everything on other people. Other people, she said, were

almost invariably kind, but their kindness was apt to be tinged with a pity which grew unbearable. She told me that never to have any active life of one's own, never to be able to say "I'll post the letters for you," that was what was awful about being blind.

She could, of course, have adopted the nerve-straining business of a white stick, but her family was anxious for her, and so until 1937 she had never been out of her house alone. Then the miracle happened which changed her from an unhappy prisoner to a very useful and contented member of society. This miracle was the acquisition of a guide dog. It brought her immediately an independence that made her psychologically a new creature. Instead of being blind, with the impotence that meant, she became merely someone who couldn't see—and in that lay a world of difference. A fresh existence, full of exciting discovery, lay open to her. There was little she couldn't do. She could shop, she could travel, she could, yes, go to the theatre, escorted by an adoring companion who never offered pity. Above all she could at last do things for herself. Six years ago she joined the staff of Captain Nicholas Liakhoff, the ex-Tsarist officer whose brilliant training of guide dogs in this country for the last eighteen years has revolutionized the lives of hundreds of blind people.

We visited the Training Centre at Leamington Spa which he directs, and heard from him the wonderfully dramatic story of the guide-dog movement. If ever romance was born of science, it is here. The training is in two separate stages: first the dog is taught the job of leading the blind, and then he is fitted, just as an artificial limb might be, to his new master or mistress. It takes four months to teach a dog his duties, by methods advanced by Captain Liakhoff after long and patient study of canine behaviour. The dog must be large, so as to move in harmony with a human being; a small one would accelerate too quickly. Some are



Alsations, but most are the altogether charming collies that come from the Scottish border. Not only has the dog to learn obedience to basic commands and an unerring traffic sense, but he has to accustom himself to being two sizes, himself when alone and himself with his master. He must be able to calculate his master's clearance in height as well as in width. The trainer starts work with the dog as a seeing man, and gradually loses his sight from the dog's point of view until, finally, he acts as if totally blind. Ideally these dogs would come to Captain Liakhoff as puppies, but the cost being prohibitive they are generally one year old. Seventy per cent of the dog candidates are rejected; most of the failures are weeded out in the first few days, but some only show their faults at a much later stage. A



magnificent Alsatian I met was being sent home because the expert eye had diagnosed a too protective spirit which spelt danger.

Each month a fresh class of six blind people arrives at the Centre, where eight dogs are ready for them, two being spares. The first and highly skilled task of Captain Liakhoff and his four trainers is to find temperamental matches; the less confident dog suits the more confident master, and vice versa. Then the dual training begins, and one of the obvious difficulties of the

trainer, who has by now won the complete affection of his dog, is to transfer its devotion. The blind man, holding the U-shaped handle attached to the harness of the dog, slowly learns to give commands, to interpret the dog's movements, and to follow him boldly. The last is excessively hard for someone who has been hesitantly tapping his way about with a white stick, for a ripe four miles an hour is the speed at which the dog works best.

Like a loving nannie he steers his master round all obstacles. When he reaches a kerb he stops, and when his master says "Forward!" he will not move until he considers the crossing safe; the command is like moving the pre-selector gear on a motor-car, it being the dog's business to press the pedal. "Forward!" "Right!" "Left!" and "Stop!" are the four basic commands which will take this team anywhere in safety. As its co-ordination improves—as it does marvellously until man and dog form one sympathetic unit—each master will add his own special orders. The name of a shop, the station, "Tobacco!"—even "The nearest pub!"—are among the commands these animals store in their astonishing geographical memory after only two or three trial shots. In a new territory the master asks directions, and transmits them to his dog. Just as dog candidates have to be rejected, so of sad necessity do humans. The very young are not

sufficiently responsible, while the reflexes of the old are too impaired. Seventeen to fifty is roughly the possible period.

There are, I am amazed to hear, humanitarians so singularly perverse that they object to dogs being used for this merciful work. It would be as sensible to object to a nice fat cob pulling a milk-cart. Not only is cruelty entirely absent from the training, for the dog's liking for the game is essential, but his relationship with his master must be founded on love, or nothing. A guide dog watching his mistress, never taking his eyes off her for a moment, is one of the most simply moving things I have ever seen in my life.

The guide dog movement began in Germany in 1915. By a rare blend of faith, knowledge and fortitude Captain Liakhoff has brought it, in this country, to an

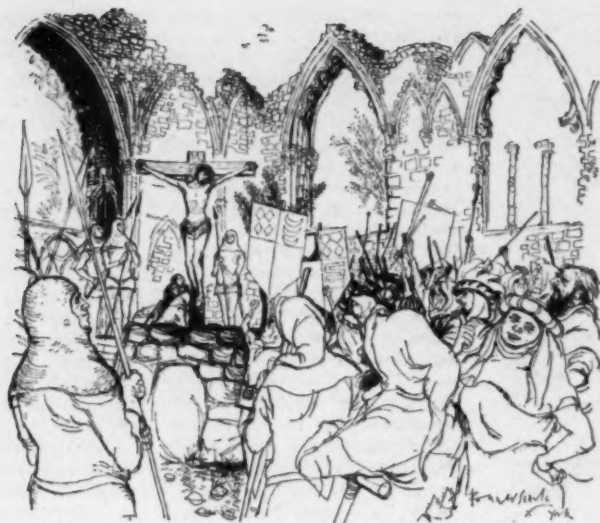


impressive pitch of development. But now for some harsher facts. Although a blind person pays for his dog and his training only what he can afford, the cost of training each dog is at least £180; and since The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, responsible for the Centre, is dependent wholly on voluntary contributions, present output from Leamington is no more than sixty man-dog pairs a year. A second Centre getting ready near Exeter should nearly double this figure, if funds are available, but pressure is so acute that it takes four to five years to obtain a dog.

That is a very long time to wait if you are blind. Braille, the other great revolution in the lives of the sightless, was not officially recognized until fifty years after its inventor's death. Must we wait so long again, when the results already clamour for public and private support?

ERIC KEOWNS





[The York Cycle of Mystery Plays]

AT THE PLAY

The York Cycle of Mystery Plays (St. Mary's Abbey, York)—Ghosts (EMBASSY)



OR its Festival York has revealed a treasure that has lain concealed there for nearly four hundred years. *The York Cycle of Mystery Plays*—forty-eight of them, each of one act—has not been shown since 1572. These plays covered the entire Christian story, from the Creation, through the story of Christ, to the Judgment Day, and they were put on by the craft guilds on the Feast of Corpus Christi, acted on wagon-stages drawn from point to point through York, starting at dawn. Various hands wrote them, at different periods, and now the Rev. J. S. Purvis has compressed them successfully into one single piece. The verse is extraordinarily effective: lean, alliterative, and of great narrative strength. Its whole feeling, which permeates the evening, is mediaeval; that is, down to earth and up to Heaven. Low and high, the emotions are boldly painted.

Mr. E. MARTIN BROWNE's production in the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey was an experience one can never possibly forget. Very little of

the abbey remains, but a row of window-arches above us served admirably as a frame for *God*, while an added stairway curved down past the Tree of Knowledge to a lawn where booths had been built against the wall to represent, for instance, the stable at Bethlehem. The performance opened in daylight and ended in deep summer dusk, when batteries of lamps bit magnificently into the irregular masonry and brought out the lovely colours of the dresses. On the topmost point a blackbird sang triumphantly through the Crucifixion, and later an owl began to call.

What might have been no more than an interesting pageant turned out to be utterly gripping, in places almost intolerably dramatic. The shock to the modern ear of hearing "Crucify him!" burst in a sudden brutal shout from an animal crowd is unimaginable; by such hammer-blows on the imagination the drama of Christ is made truly moving, and for the first time one began to understand how vital a part the Mysteries must have played in the life of the early church. Here was

belief, stated clearly and credibly, with the power to reach the simple and the beauty to arrest the worldly.

The beauty was memorably re-created by Mr. MARTIN BROWNE in such scenes as Christ's entry into Jerusalem and in a Heaven lit and coloured in the manner of a primitive. There was less humour than one had expected, though Pilate being put to bed proved honest comedy; but the crowds that surged on to the lawn were alive with spirit and individual character. Their deployment, miming, and



[Ghosts]

Gloom

Pastor Manders—Mr. FREDERICK VALK

sincerity marked a production that left room only for praise. Most of the large cast was drawn from York and its neighbourhood. Types had been selected carefully. We heard every word, though there were no microphones. The *Virgin Mary* and *Satan* were particularly good, but since there is a convention that leaves *The Christ* anonymous, it

seems fairer to mention no names; for the well-known professional who represented Our Lord did so with profound distinction.

There is not much to say about *Ghosts* at the Embassy, except that Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN is a subdued *Mrs. Alving*, perhaps because Mr. FREDERICK VALK thunders

and whispers at her like a volcano in two minds.

Recommended

For a light evening: *The Hollow (Fortune)* is a Christie Whodunit that foxes, and *The Lyric Revue* (Lyric, Hammersmith) is almost everything an unglossy revue should be.

ERIC KEOWNS

AT THE OPERA

Parsifal (COVENT GARDEN)

WAGNER has one over-riding characteristic which he shares only with Strauss and, in a lesser degree, Mahler—an emotional excess that repels as much as it attracts, and can nauseate and enrapture the listener in equal measure. Most music-lovers have experienced these revisions of feeling at some time or other, and never more than where *Parsifal* is concerned. One's first surrender to it is as complete as one's first revolt against it is likely to be violent. One feels a sense of outrage, that one has been insulted in the innermost core of one's being; if one goes to hear Wagner at all, it is to defy him, to prove that his art is like the sacred Spear hurled at *Parsifal* by *Klingsor* which cannot strike, but remains poised harmlessly in mid-air. And, one assures oneself, it is one's own self-command that keeps it at a distance and not the piece of string that is so plainly visible on the stage. Later, having mellowed a little, one arrives at a *modus vivendi* with WAGNER and his works—

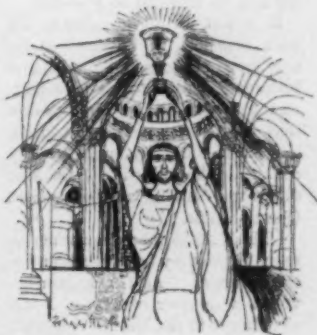
except for *Parsifal*, which remains a thorn in the flesh.

Parsifal is either the greatest, or the most monstrous, of these outpourings of WAGNER wherein his music joins forces with ancient myth and legend to lay bare the secrets of the human heart. Has he, by a colossal feat of imagination, given voice to the mystical faith of an age long past, the faith which breathes in Arthurian legend? Or is *Parsifal* just another piece of that Teutonic brand of religiosity which was one of the more repellent fruits of the Romantic era? And *Kundry*, who personifies the bewildering interfusion of good and evil in human nature—is she the greatest of WAGNER's female characters or the weakest? Which of Nietzsche's verdicts represented his better judgment—his condemnation of *Parsifal* or his admission that it moved him to the depths of his being?

It is long since we last heard *Parsifal* in London, and the performance at Covent Garden last week was not one to sweep us entirely off our feet. The orchestra, which can rise to such heights and sink to such depths, made grubby, lustreless sounds in place of the shining Prelude, with its theme of Divine love and faith and the anguish of *Amfortas* lying upon it like a shadow. Yet somehow the sense of the holiness of the Grail, its inaccessibility and the rapture of beholding it made themselves felt. The first scene fell flat, in spite of the nobility of voice and bearing of LUDWIG WEDER's *Gurnemanz* as he told the story of the Angels who entrusted the Grail to *Titelre* and of the sin of *Amfortas*. SIGURD

BJORLING's fine *Amfortas* failed also to inspire the Grail scene, and we felt uncomfortably that the Grail as it glowed looked like a traffic-light. But in the second act, in the dialogue between *Klingsor* and *Kundry*, the overwhelming sense of evil brought this strange work to life. OTAKAR KRAUS is a splendid *Klingsor* and KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD's *Kundry*, which we have not heard before, is incomparable. Even if no other sound had come from her lips save the shriek of intolerable anguish with which she awakes to evil, one would still apprehend *Kundry*; but when with all the glory of her voice and presence she sings to *Parsifal* of *Herzeleid*, his mother, one can have no more doubts either that she is the greatest Wagnerian singer of the age, or that *Kundry* is the greatest of WAGNER's creations. The *Parsifal* of FRANZ LECHLEITNER is superb; and when with *Kundry's* kiss the realization of sin and suffering awakes in him he brings the opera to an incandescent climax.

D. C. B.





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, June 18th

The House of Commons was crowded to-day as it has seldom been, on a Monday, for years.

Clearly the Government Whips were taking no chances of a snap defeat, the Finance Bill (already discussed at great length) being on the agenda.

And so, after the manner of a crowded Saturday-night audience at a music-hall, the gathering was ready to be entertained (or otherwise) by the turns offered. And some of the turns were surprising.

For instance, Mr. MAURICE WEBB, the Minister of Food, who has a good sense of humour and a pretty wit, as well as suave politeness, would probably wish (were he given a power denied to Omar Khayyám) to cancel half a line of something he said. There was talk of the price of beer, and that great defender of teetotalism, Mr. JIMMY HUDSON, asked a supplementary question. His views are so well known that he got a sympathetic, jocular cheer as he rose. But Mr. WEBB, in similarly jocose vein, began his reply with the words: "My honourable friend must be slightly intoxicated . . ."

The joke—after a slight gasp of half-shocked surprise—was appreciated in the House, and by the good-humoured JIMMY himself. But in the cold pages of *Hansard* it may not look so amusing to posterity.

It is not at all uncommon for back-benchers to be rebuked for over-long questions, but Mr. ALFRED BARNES, the Minister of Transport, was told briskly by Mr. Speaker that his answers were "terribly long," and that they might (if they could not be sub-edited) be sent direct to *Hansard*, as they spoiled Question-time.

Mr. BARNES got a cheer when his reply to the very next question was the formula: "As the answer involves a number of figures, I will circulate it in the Official Report."

Then Mr. CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, successor to Mr. ERNEST BEVIN as Labour M.P. for Woolwich, was formally introduced. The unusual sound of cheers from the Opposition side as well as his own greeted him, for he is popular on all sides for his smiling modesty. His transfer from an unsafe seat in Norfolk to Woolwich should ensure his presence in Parliament for many a long year.

Then, in the sudden way Parliament has, things blew up again. Mr. POOLE got up and quietly asked



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Brig. T. H. Clarke (Portsmouth, West)

the guidance of Mr. Speaker about a speech made in the country by Lady Mellor, wife of Sir JOHN MELLOR, who sat watchfully on the Tory benches opposite. The speech had contained references to the decision of Major JAMES MILNER, Chairman of Ways and Means, not to call for debate some of the amendments to the Finance Bill and, said Mr. POOLE, it seemed to imply some criticism of his impartiality. This, he submitted, could not be permitted.

Mr. Speaker, without formally ruling that there was a *prima facie* case for consideration, asked Mr. POOLE to move that the complaint be sent to the Committee of Privileges. Then, out of a cloudless sky, the storm burst.

Mr. CHURCHILL was up with a firmly polite request for information about this "new procedure," arguing that it had always been the rule that Mr. Speaker should first intimate

that in his view there was a *prima facie* case. It was not necessary to use the "mysterious words," replied Mr. Speaker, and for the next three-quarters of an hour confusion reigned. Points of order helped to confound confusion, and even Mr. EDEN, who, as a former Leader of the House, knows a lot about procedure, confessed himself at a loss.

But in the end Mr. Speaker said he would not insist on enforcing his ruling on this occasion, and intimated that he did feel there was a *prima facie* case for investigation by the Committee of Privileges. And so to the Committee the case was sent—without so much as a vote.

After which the House moved on once more to the calm waters of the Finance Bill.

Tuesday, June 19th

Mr. CHURCHILL (although he may not have realized it himself) demonstrated once more his great loyalty to,

and respect for, his father, Lord Randolph, when the introduction of what was referred to as the "decimal system" of coinage was mentioned. The Chancellor said it might be considered, and Mr. C. (possibly remembering the famous parental aversion to "those damned dots") promptly replied that he was not interested in the proposal. What he was interested in was a three-halfpenny piece—the penny nowadays being such very small change that it bought nothing worth noting.

Mr. GAITSKELL said the chief objections were that the manufacture of the new coins would throw great strain on an already over-worked Royal Mint, and that their introduction would mean the altering of all the ticket-machines. When Mr. C. got up to pursue the subject there were some shouts from the Government side which produced from the Leader of the Opposition a facial grimace and a counter-yell, both of such intensity



"People should retire at the proper age. There's Methuselah, for instance—been blocking promotion for centuries."

that they sent the whole House off into roars of uncontrollable laughter and turned the author's face a peony red—until he too succumbed to the general merriment. However, it appears that three-ha'penny-bits are "off."

There were many questions about the purchasing power of money, mostly relating to the Forces in Korea. There were renewed complaints that N.A.A.F.I. prices were too high there, and that the Government refused to pay a local allowance. One Member went so far as to say that the absence of a super-cinema from Korea alone disqualified our men from getting the allowance given to those in more salubrious spots.

Questioning of the War Minister also unearthed the curious fact that British officers serving in the Korean battlefield have to pay purchase tax on their battle-dress! Brigadier THORPE remarked, to general cheers, that *surely* battle-dress, of all things in the world, must be regarded as *utility*-clothing, and therefore free from purchase tax—but apparently not, in the official mind.

For the record: Mr. STRACHEY spoke of "a retrograde movement in the proportion between teeth and tail."

Mr. MORRISON made a brief reference to the trouble in the Persian oil-fields, and Mr. EDEN endorsed his declaration that it was impossible to negotiate with the Persians in an atmosphere of conditions - precedent and ultimata. Then Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS announced that the shipment to China and Hongkong of all materials and goods that might be used in war was to be banned. This, too, gained a general cheer.

And then, once more, to the Finance Bill, which kept the House busy until 4 A.M. But, at long last, the Committee stage was completed.

Wednesday, June 20th

Plainly worried by recent developments, Mr. MORRISON made another statement on Persia, saying that the Persian Government had broken off the talks on the oil installations, having put up impossible demands which had been rejected by the

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. They had turned down British proposals in half an hour and seemingly expected complete capitulation. This gave rise to great concern—not least for the economic future of Persia herself. The Company's negotiators had been told to return home. Steps would be taken to protect British lives.

"And property?" asked Mr. EDEN. "Will you assure us there is no question of evacuation and abandonment of our rights?"

Mr. MORRISON replied that all possible steps had been taken to protect *lives*. As to "rights"—he preferred not to be pressed.

Mr. EDE agreed to an early debate.

Then Mr. GAITSKELL set all the women Members angrily making notes by announcing that, while the Government favoured the idea of equal pay for men and women, it was just not possible at present, the risk of inflation being what it is. The ladies "got at" the Chancellor in a big way, with acid questions and nasty looks. But it made no difference.

House of Commons:
Persia

MISLEADING CASES

DOES MAGNA CARTA MATTER?

THE Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on June 1 gave their decision in the Merchants' Case.

The Lord Chancellor said: In this important case we have to answer an unusual question. Under Section 4 of the Statute of 1833 it is open to His Majesty to refer to us any matter which he thinks fit, whether that matter has been the subject of litigation or not. It is a rare power, but on occasions has proved its usefulness: and this, I think, may be another.

The question is whether certain provisions of the Finance Bill, 1951, are in conflict with Chapter 30 of Magna Carta. An academic question,

admittedly—indeed, in a sense, a hypothetical question—for the Finance Bill has not yet become law: and no man can tell exactly in what form it will be presented for the Royal Assent.

On the other hand—and this consideration, I am sure, was in the mind of His Majesty, and the Attorney-General, who advised him—the last chapter of Magna Carta is very clear about the nature and effects of a conflict such as has been posited in argument before us. The Great Charter, that chapter relates, “was bought from the Crown with a fifteenth of our movable property” . . . in consideration of which the King grants “for

us and our heirs, that neither we nor our heirs shall attempt”—note the word—“to do anything whereby the liberties contained in this charter may be infringed or broken. And if anything should be done to the contrary, it shall be held of no force and effect.”

“It shall be held of no force and effect,” the Lord Chancellor repeated gravely. Now, no loyal citizen can contemplate without dismay the possibility of the Finance Act, or anything in it, after due consideration by Parliament, receiving the Royal Assent, and thereafter being held by the King's Courts to be “of no force and effect.” Better far, upon an authoritative warning of such a conflict, for the King's Ministers to withdraw their proposals, to abandon the “attempt”, before they, and Parliament, are irrevocably committed. That I take to be sufficient justification for these unusual proceedings.

Now Chapter 30 of the Great Charter says, wisely and generously, as follows:

“All merchants (if they were not openly prohibited before) shall have their safe and sure conduct to depart out of England, to come into England, to tarry in and go through England, as well by land as by water, to buy and sell without any manner of evil tolls” (that is, extortions) “except in time of war.”

The passage which follows deals with the treatment of foreign merchants in time of war: but it is clear that the words I have read cover “all” merchants, English or foreign. Not only their freedom of movement, but their freedom from “evil tolls” is guaranteed, as a recognition of the importance of their activities and their advantage to the realm.

The importance of those who “buy and sell” is hardly less to-day. Indeed, without them starvation would descend upon this island in quick time. Nor is it any less desirable that foreign merchants should be free to bring their merchandise or their money into the country and take it away if they are so inclined. But in the Finance Bill new restrictions upon the free





movement of "merchants", in the wide sense which ought to be given to the word, are proposed. By Section 32 it is made unlawful for "a body corporate resident in the United Kingdom to cease to be so resident" and "for the trade or business, or any part of the trade or business of a body corporate so resident to be transferred from that body corporate to a person not so resident". Any person concerned in such an offence may be savagely punished by two years' imprisonment or a fine of ten thousand pounds, or both.

Now it was powerfully argued before us, by Mr. Albert Haddock among others, that these provisions are an infringement—so far only "attempted", it is true—of the "liberties contained in this Charter"; and in my opinion that argument ought to prevail. The Attorney-General told us that by going abroad some "merchants" may pay fewer taxes. But they may also, I suppose, enjoy better food, more beautiful scenery, more attractive music. It does not seem to me to be relevant to the principles in issue. If that is the trouble the remedy is not to reduce the liberties but to reduce the taxes. And what of the foreigner? What inducement will remain to invest his capital and brains and enterprise in this country if, once in, he can never get out? I hold, without doubt, that the penalties named in Section 32 are "evil tolls" of the character which the authors of the Great Charter had in mind.

While we are considering the Great Charter, I wish to refer to another chapter, Number 14, which is directed against excessive fines:

"A freeman shall not be amerced" (that is, fined) "for a small fault, but after the manner of the fault; and for a great fault after the greatness thereof, saving to him his contenment; and a merchant likewise saving to him his merchandise. . . ."

A man's contenment has been defined as that which is absolutely necessary for his support and maintenance, as his tools and instruments of trade. I note in the minds of Ministers, legislators, and even judges, a shocking tendency to forget Chapter 14 of the Great Charter. In these days so many



new and subtle offences are created, so many ordinary acts may not be done without a licence, a certificate or a form that the simple citizen may easily become bewildered. The restrictions on the flow of "currency", as it is still laughably called, are a good example: the building regulations are another. A man may dimly understand why he must not take more than a few pounds in notes abroad, but not why he may not bring more than £10 of English money, lawfully acquired, back into his own country. Too often, instead of improving the regulations, or making their purpose plain, the authorities impose increasingly savage fines, and those who inflict them, so far from

preserving the wrongdoer's contenment, seem to care nothing if they ruin the man. A citizen can be punished more severely to-day for breaking a building or currency regulation than he would be for manslaughter or burglary. I wish to say that if any such sentences are brought before me in any of my numerous capacities I shall declare them null and void according to the provisions of the Great Charter.

There is an opinion, I am well aware, that so little of Magna Carta is left that none of it is left. Indeed, that was the decision of Mr. Justice Lugg in *Rex v. Haddock* (Misleading Cases—No. 10 [1927]). But I have always thought that that case was wrongly decided.

Lords Right and Left, Middle and Off concurred with the Lord Chancellor. The Cabinet, we understand, are considering the position, and drastic amendments may be made to the Finance Bill.

A. P. H.

"SWITCH OVER"

Two long "switches" were made for her plaits as a Lap girl. After the day's work the switches became a chignon—pronounced success.—"Daily Herald"

We'll just write it down.



BOOKING OFFICE

Three Men

I HATE fighting but I have to go on doing it," wrote Josiah Wedgwood—for so long "Josh" to the House of Commons—late in life to his daughter; and when, shortly before he died, a Civil Defence colleague asked him to autograph a book, he wrote "To a firewatcher from an incendiary." The flames he lit consumed only oppression and injustice. He was a great Englishman of a kind unlikely to be seen again, and *The Last of the Radicals*, by his niece, Miss C. V. Wedgwood, gives a delightful account of him.

Coming of the famous line of potters, he began as a naval architect, but after serving in the Boer War he became for a short time a Resident Magistrate, one of Lord Milner's young men, in South Africa. His wife's illness obliged him to return to England, and then he was driven by his passionate convictions into politics, first as a Liberal and later as an extremely unorthodox member of the Labour Party. He held office briefly, but distrusted MacDonald, and his absolute refusal to trim his sails to party breezes made him an awkward candidate for the Front Bench. Instead he set a standard of honest and fearless independence that earned him to a rare degree the affection of the House. His political theory was steadily influenced by Henry George's idea of a single tax on land values. The two main causes he championed were Dominion status for India and, later, for Palestine; but any infringement of

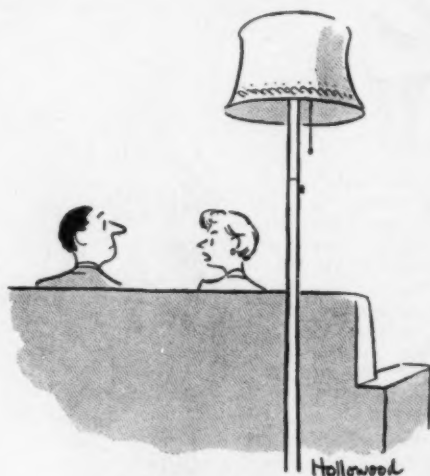
individual liberty at home or abroad roused him to battle, however unpopular the cause, and even Service Members had to listen respectfully to a defence of pacifists and conscientious objectors that was backed by a Gallipoli D.S.O. In his grounds in Staffordshire he built an elastic bungalow which he crammed with refugees of every creed and colour; he was a true internationalist, yet at the same time practical, witty, and no prig. Among the first in Parliament to attack the dictators, he stood out from his party by pressing for rearmament; and the nearer Socialism drifted towards State-worship the less he liked it.

Probably he will go down in history as the last Member to challenge another to a duel, but his larger claim to be remembered, more pressing even than the many wrongs he righted, is as a man who kept his integrity unspotted by a long and fiery immersion in politics, and who was, in the fullest sense of the word, a character. Himself an historian, he is fortunate to have so good a one as his biographer. To an evident labour of love Miss Wedgwood brings a skill that gives us a vivid and fascinating portrait.

When Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott, the creator of "The Countryman," was small he asked a visitor just arrived from the States if he might scrape a little mud from his boots, and this he placed in his private museum with the breath-taking label, "PIECE OF AMERICA." Intelligent curiosity has ever since been Mr. Robertson Scott's driving hobby in his long career as journalist and rural administrator, and now, at eighty-four, he has an immense store of assorted and exciting information. Much of it overflows into *The Day Before Yesterday*, in which he looks back with satisfaction to his happy, rather serious childhood and youth in the Border country and the Midlands, so that the book is part autobiography, part social history. The blending is unusually successful: the author's early development, his earnest Nonconformist background, his deep and touching appreciation of his remarkable mother, all fit naturally into a bigger view of an England in many ways barbaric but still tranquil and full of local colour. The amiable and kindly Dr. Hawtrey of Eton flogged twenty boys a day, and there was no bathroom at Windsor Castle; but country crafts flourished, and the shepherds of Cumberland said "yan-a-bumfit" when they meant "sixteen." A great contentment with the simple things of life, coupled with a habit of looking at it squarely, makes this book particularly pleasing.

Any sense of grievance is fatal to an autobiography. Although Mr. C. B. Purdom has had interesting experiences, planning garden cities, editing, running amateur theatricals, with excursions into industry, *Life Over Again* leaves one with the feeling that his personal quarrels should remain his own affair. An occasional admission that he was wrong scarcely cancels out his ill-concealed conviction that, given a fairer deal, there are few things he could not have done better than the acknowledged experts.

ERIC KEOWN



"If I let you kiss me,
promise you'll let me slap your face."

Agreements and Disagreements

An Assessment of Twentieth Century Literature is a reprint of the six talks that Professor J. Isaacs gave recently in the Third Programme. It was composed for the ear and not the eye, and its limitations must be accepted before its merits can be enjoyed. It is good conversation, allusive, wayward, vivacious, stimulating rather than satisfying, selective rather than comprehensive. It is a book to argue with and I learned more from it than it professes to teach. Its climate is that of Mr. Eliot's criticism, though Professor Isaacs has too independent a mind to fall into the critical trap of deriving all his opinions from one creative writer. He is particularly interested in the influence of contemporary anxieties on the novel, in the "Stream of Consciousness" and in the poetic drama. He is most at home in English literature of the period between 1914 and the Slump, which is now rather out of focus; with his help we shall begin to see it more clearly.

R. G. G. P.

Banished Immortal

Although he is China's greatest poet, Li Po is not popular with his own countrymen to-day and has never before been honoured by so full a biography as Mr. Arthur Waley's. He was a drunkard in fact, a Taoist mystic in aspiration; to his own contemporaries he was, quite literally, "a banished immortal"—one of those wayward and extraordinary beings who, because they "want better bread than can be made with wheat," are misfits in the workaday world. He never went in for an examination. He never held office. He wrote about courts for his keep; and about drink and dancing-girls, alchemy and wild, untended nature to please himself. The more trifling of his courtly compliments are forgotten. He is remembered for a few lovely, pictorial things like "Exile's Letter," which, exquisitely translated in *The Poetry and Career of Li Po*, show that what Omar might have called "a clod of saturated earth" can be the chosen vessel of the Muses.

H. P. E.

Bizet in Eclipse

The central figure of D. C. Parker's *Bizet* is not in fact that brilliant musician, otherwise the volume could not fail to reflect the ardour of his temperament. It is rather to Carmen that Mr. Parker has devoted almost the whole of his book, and to the story of the opera's mixed first reception and later triumphal procession through the opera houses and concert halls of the world—a procession that Bizet himself did not

live to see—the composer only emerging from time to time as a shadowy figure peering through a mist of dates and trivia relating to his deservedly popular child. Surely the creator of so vital an offspring was himself life-size? Weingartner said of Bizet's music that although it was not powerful it was "... nice and very accomplished in form." Perhaps Mr. Parker has restored the balance here a little, since his writing, though authoritative (as would be expected from a biographer who has gathered much of his material from his subject's personal friends), lacks something of both cohesion and style.

J. D.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Last of the Radicals.* C. V. Wedgwood. (Cape, 16/-)
The Day Before Yesterday. J. W. Robertson Scott. (Methuen, 21/-)
Life Over Again. C. B. Purdom. (Dent, 18/-)
An Assessment of Twentieth Century Literature. J. Isaacs. (Pocker and Warburg, 8/6)
The Poetry and Career of Li Po. 701-762 A.D. Arthur Waley. (Allen and Unwin, 8/6)
Bizet. D. C. Parker. (Routledge, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

- A Name for Myself.* Christopher Dilke. (Gollancz, 10/6)
 Story of a novelist who tries to manipulate people and events to his chosen pattern so as to write about the result. He dies in the act, this first-person narrative being an account by a friend. Involved, but well done and quite gripping.
100 Years in Pictures: A Panorama of History in the Making. (Odhams, 12/6) Pictures, mostly photographs, of famous or representative scenes and occasions from 1850 to 1950. Some illustrate the long Foreword by D. C. Somervell, then "A Century in Pictures" runs through the period again. The photographs are fascinating, the captions (anonymous) rather run to clichés.



"F for Freddie, I for Ink, R for Roger, E for Edward."

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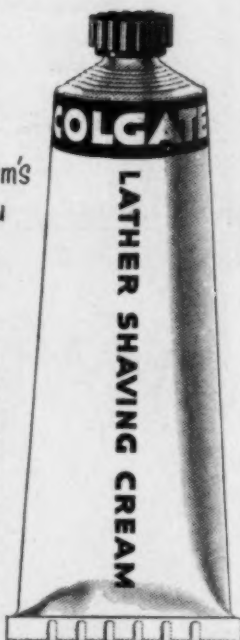


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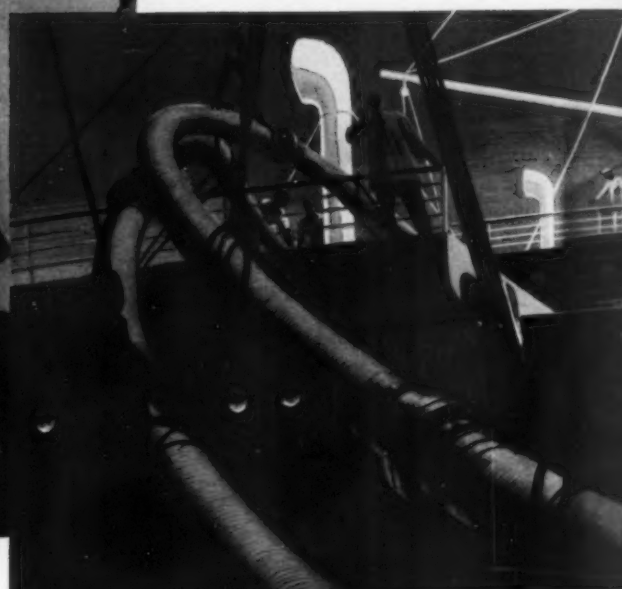
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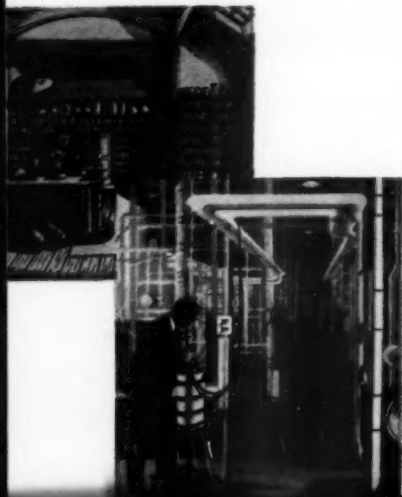
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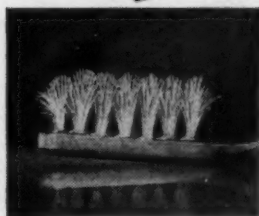
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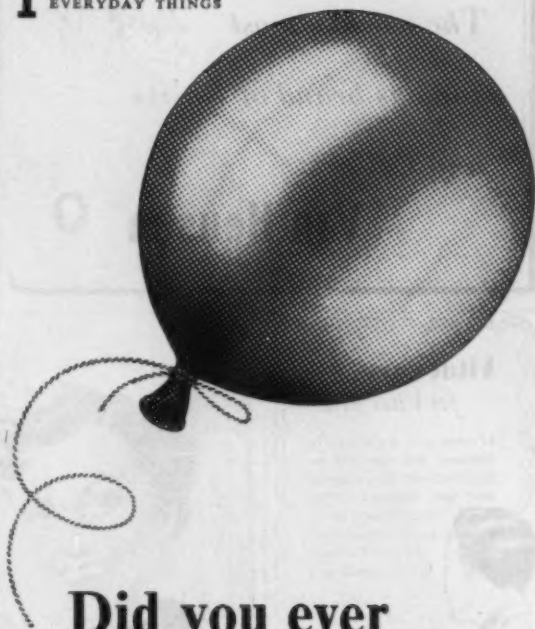
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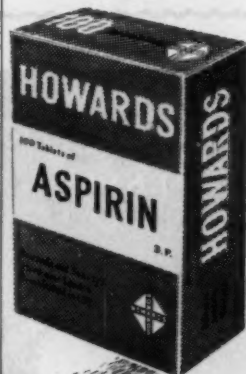
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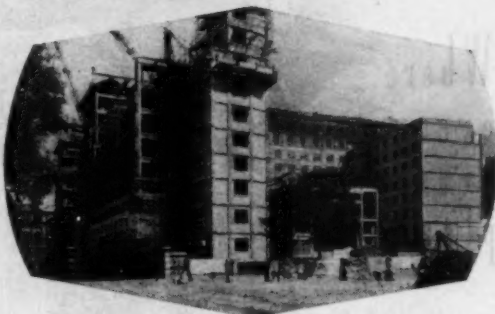
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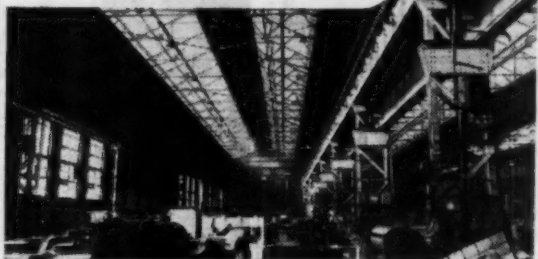
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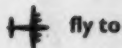
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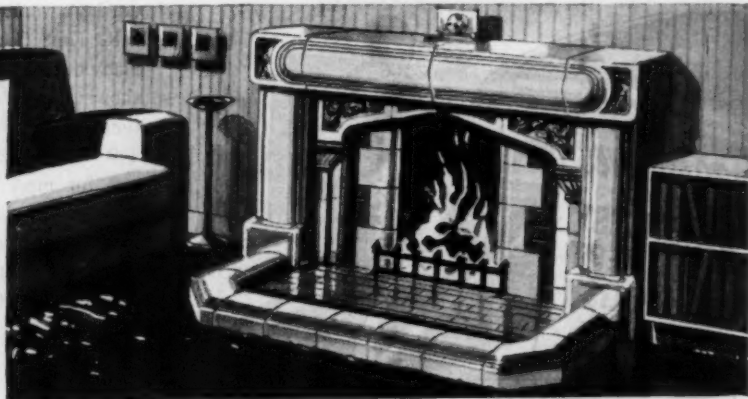
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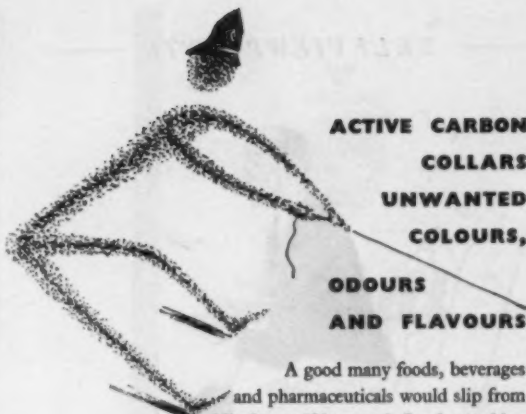
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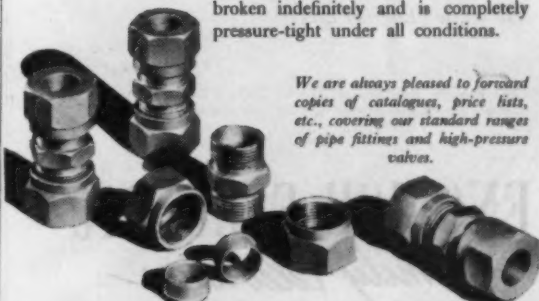
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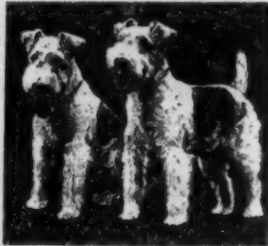
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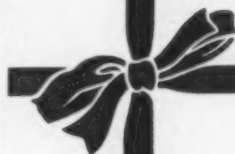
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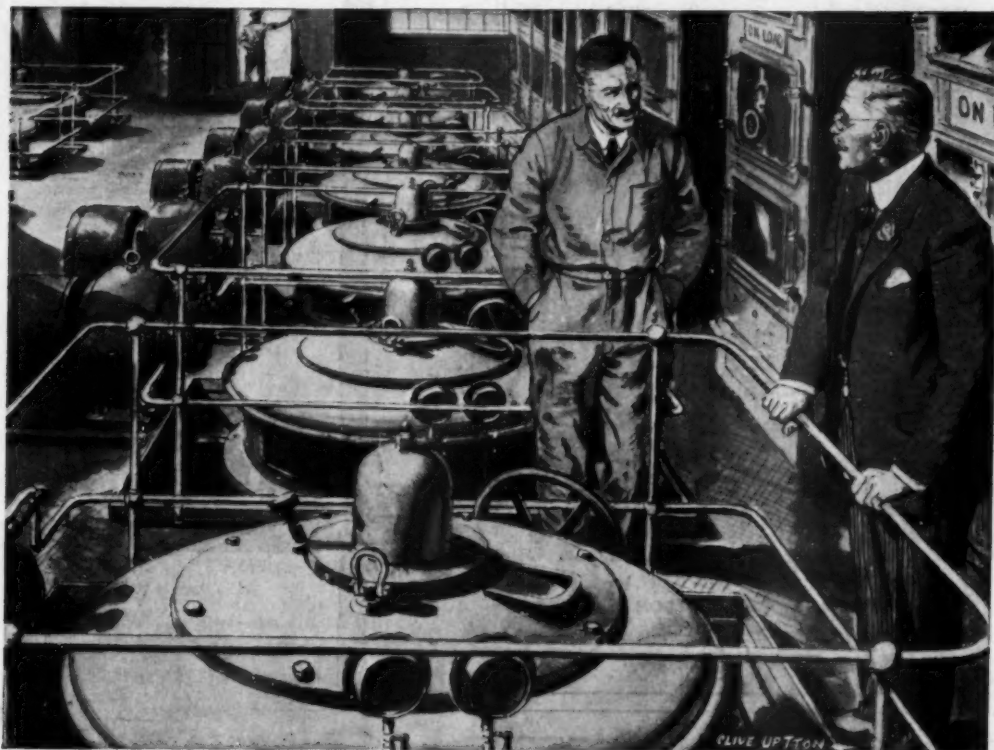
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